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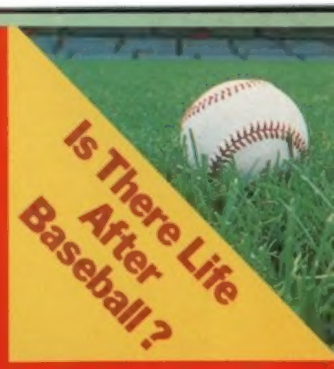

Is There Life After Baseball?

France's New Look

Socialist President François Mitterrand

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If we all speak up, Washington will listen.

The Savings & Loan Foundation

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(Free from tax. Affordable. Insured. Rewarding.)

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If we all speak up, Washington will listen.

T2

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JUNE 29, 1981 Vol. 117 No. 26

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

The election of President François Mitterrand last month and the subsequent success of the Socialists in National Assembly contests proved once again what students of Gallic culture have known all along: in France, politics is both passionate and unpredictable. Observes Paris Correspondent William Blaylock: "French politics plops across the ideological platter like a dropped soufflé. Candidates seem to have no shared opinions, no established rules of fair play. Nor do they seem to want any." Correspondent Sandra Burton interviewed government officials and French sociologists to assess the impact of the new administration and was struck by the blasé way most Frenchmen greeted the Socialist victory in the parliament. Says Burton: "The only turmoil in Paris on election night was the traffic jam caused by Parisians returning from sunny weekends in the country."

GUY MARINEAU

Muller and Bonfante in Paris

For Paris Bureau Chief Henry Muller, this week's cover story culminates four years of reporting on France and the paradoxical ups and downs of Mitterrand's career. Says Muller: "I arrived just as the Socialist-Communist alliance engineered by Mitterrand was breaking up. I am leaving just as his star reaches its apex." Muller, who is moving to New York as an associate editor, will be replaced by Jordan Bonfante, no stranger to Europe's ways. Bonfante was a LIFE correspondent in both Paris and London and served as TIME's Rome bureau chief from 1973 to 1979. He has been a writer and editor in the World section for the past two years. After working on this week's cover story, Bonfante concluded that the French are "outwardly calm, but actually excited about their political sea change."

Analyzing the election results in New York were two TIME staffers well versed in the quirks of French politics. Reporter-Researcher Judith B. Prowda studied in Paris for three years, one of them at the prestigious *Institut d'Etudes Politiques*, "a useful prelude to the crash course that French voters have just given us." Associate Editor Thomas A. Sancton, who wrote the cover story, spent five years in Paris, working as a freelance journalist and completing a doctorate in French history. Sums up Historian Sancton: "I see Mitterrand in the tradition of the 19th century socialist reformers, neither Marxist nor revolutionary, who sought to make *égalité* a real thing."

John a. Meyer

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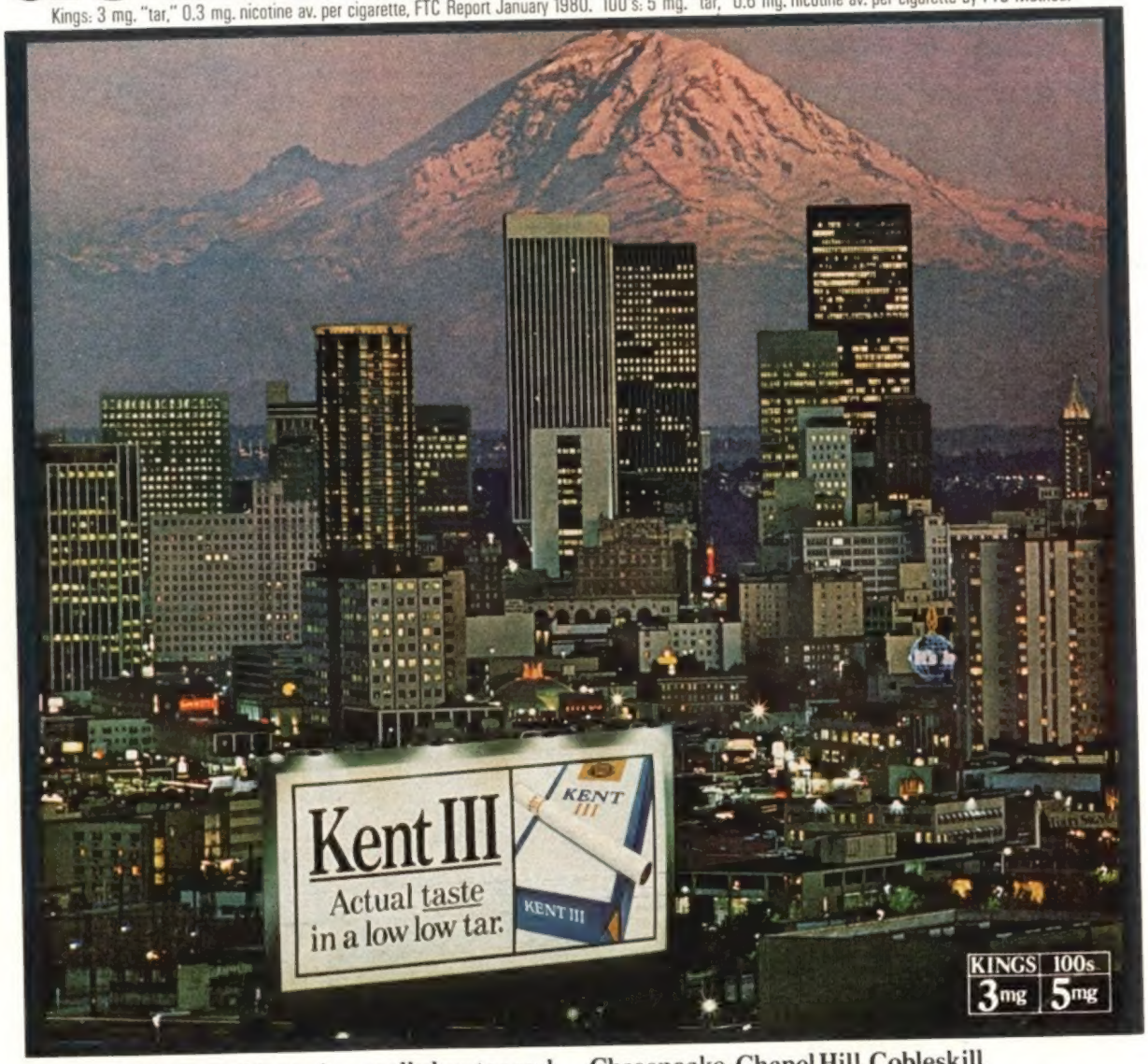

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Letters

Savings Havens

To the Editors:

The day your issue [June 8] arrived, I received a notice from my bank saying my savings account will carry a service charge of $3 if the balance is less than $200 every quarter.

Your article is right. It doesn't pay to save.

David A. Mitchell
Oakland, Calif.

After reading your issue concerning savings, I decided to open an account at a bank near my home. I was surprised to learn that $15 was not enough. Instead of $15, I needed a minimum of $100! What's a child of eleven to do?

Julie Anne Hawkins
Lake Mary, Fla.

We have NOW accounts, six-month certificates and money-market certificates. These forms of savings are good investments until the end of the tax year, when we must add the interest from them to our total earnings. It turns out that often we are being penalized for trying to save for our future years.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard F. Jones
West Chester, Pa.

Consumers are now reaping the benefits of the money-market funds, but what effect is that having on the consumer's ability to borrow money to buy, refinance or build a house? For years the savings and loan institutions have provided most of the money for housing. However, the continued threat from the new funds has all but ruined the thrift industry, thus eliminating for millions of Americans the opportunity to participate in the real estate market.

Grayson L. Carter
Pasadena, Calif.

It has become increasingly difficult to sock away any money after federal, state and local taxes have gobbled up the paychecks. But to be further taxed on the interest received from money that is put away for the future is certainly unjust.

Marcia E. Fach
Nashville

I wonder about the benefit of high interest rates. Admittedly, we can place our money in ready asset accounts and garner more interest. Meanwhile, we cannot afford to purchase a home because of the 16.5% prevailing mortgage rate.

Robert C. McNally
Summit, N.J.

Devout Classrooms

In your story about the proliferation of Christian schools [June 8], I was saddened by the comment made by Loralea Rushton, who teaches her own children at home. She said, "The girls like to be with other children, but they don't want to be with children who are taught contrary to our thinking."

I have three children of similar ages, and one of the most important things I have taught them is that different is not necessarily wrong.

Jocelyne P. Duntley
Lyons, N.Y.

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"Folonari Soave. Clean, crisp...one of the best buys."
Terry Robards
Wine Critic, *THE NEW YORK TIMES* (9/24/80)

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Le Car has ample leg and head room, and an uncommonly smooth ride. Surprised? Well, Renault was designing cars around *people* before Ford or General Motors even began putting pistons in an engine block.

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And the peppy 5-door Le Car squeezes out every pint of every gallon with the same fuel-efficient* miserliness as the 3-door.

39 HWY* EST (29) EST MPG

Surprise! Renault has made more front-wheel drive cars than anyone else in the world. Over 18 million, in fact. Renault has quite a surprising world racing record, too. Including wins at Le Mans, on the Grand Prix circuit, and in the World Rally Championship. That's world class technology at work.

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Over 1300 Dealers
AMERICAN MOTORS

*Use EPA estimates for comparison only. Actual mileage may vary. Highway mileage probably lower, California higher.

Letters

It is not surprising that Christian schools show impressive results. Any school with highly motivated students and 15-to-1 pupil-teacher ratios would show the same. There is no need to ascribe their success to the moralistic dogma and right-wing politics these institutions espouse.

Garth Ware
Beaufort, N.C.

In public school I was exposed to drugs, alcohol, violence and teen-age sex. I also acquired an understanding of the social tensions that breed these conditions. By removing students from the realm of the dopeheads and potheads referred to by Warren Rushton of the Rushtons' Basement School, children in Christian schools grow up ignorant of our social ills. Consequently, they fear society's problems rather than understand them and, thus, are unable to help solve them.

Kelly Moore
Johnson City, Tenn.

Intolerance appears to be the most fervently taught subject in Christian schools. I attended Catholic schools where free expression was not only allowed but was encouraged. Our lessons were not used to justify our beliefs; our faith helped us better understand what we learned.

Deborah L. Bowman
Hampton, Ga.

Legal Loophole

It is unbelievable that a judge would let an admitted murderer out of jail because he believes the murderer's lawyer gave him poor advice [June 8]. The fact remains that the murderer is a murderer.

Milton E. Block
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Angel Claudio is a lucky young man. The legal system, which has become a system of technicalities, works for him and not for justice. What more does the system need than a confession and some evidence to back up the case? The law has become a game between lawyers.

Walter Sabin
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Some criminal law experts may believe that Judge Kenneth Browne was wrong to exclude a confession obtained as a result of the incompetence of the defendant's lawyer. Others will applaud that ruling, which enforces the principle that every defendant in a serious criminal case has a right to a competent lawyer.

Our legal system does not and cannot provide qualified representation to poor and working-class defendants. Lawyers are always outraged when someone —especially a judge—reveals that the game is fixed.

Richard E. Rubenstein
Dean for Academic Affairs
Antioch School of Law
Washington, D.C.

Behind Bars

After reading your article on prison rioting [June 8], I found myself feeling angry and confused. How can prisoners who treat one another so inhumanely through gang rapes, stabbings and beatings demand humane treatment from prison officials and society?

Nancy Gardner
Dayton

TIME's description of America's prisons is true. Still, who really cares? Most prisoners would like to learn to be worthwhile citizens. But in the process, treat us as people and not as sardines!

Robert Wechsler #147439
Maryland Penitentiary
Baltimore

Your picture of the overcrowded cell in the Illinois Correctional Center looked great to me. I spent two years living in a cramped berthing area on board a Coast Guard cutter. There was nothing we could do to change our conditions. We didn't dare riot.

Michael K. Hurley
Severn, Md.

As a lifer I appreciated your observations in "The Prison Nightmare." The public must realize that prison is an institution of great social reform that has turned into a monster. The mentality that says lock 'em up and throw away the key is producing overcrowded conditions that inevitably explode.

Repeaters are often the ones who are released, while longtimers who are good parole risks remain caged for years. Most inmates serving lengthy sentences are rational and responsible individuals who would function very well in a halfway-house setting.

Mary Glover #145435
Huron Valley Women's Facility
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Gaddafi's Views

Colonel Gaddafi's comments on international terrorism are absurd. He is a prime example of one who exploits troubled fellow African nations to justify his expansionism. I was a resident in N'Djamena, Chad, until February 1979, when I was forced to leave. As I followed the events in Chad, I was amazed by Gaddafi's intervention and changing support for the various factions.

Linda Martino
Los Gatos, Calif.

Troubled Teens

I valued your article "Getting Tough with Teens" [June 8]. As a ninth-grade English teacher, I see my students five hours a week, compared with the 133 hours when the teen-ager is beyond the authority of the school. I'm pleased that Toughlove recognizes some parental responsibility for the remainder of my students' time.

(Mrs.) Lynn Kinikin
San Dimas, Calif.

As a school psychologist, I have learned that when you treat children like fools, that's how they will behave. When treated like thinking and feeling humans, they will try to live up to that. Parents would do well to raise their support and lower their demands; children have never been damaged by being truly loved.

Maya Laemmel
Los Angeles

Lots of Aloha

As a lifelong Hawaii resident, I read with concern your article "We've Lost the 'Aloha' Feeling" [June 1]. As you reported, two teen-agers recently hijacked a busload of Japanese visitors. However, you failed to mention that the community contributed more than $22,000 to assist the victims, a sum twice that lost in the robbery. Later, when the stolen cash and valuables were returned, the Japanese donated the money to a special fund to assist visitors who become victims. No, the aloha feeling has not been lost.

W. Dudley Child Jr.
Honolulu

Mission Impossible

Your story about possible P.O.W.s in Laos [June 1] describes retired Lieut. Colonel James ("Bo") Gritz as "a former Army public affairs officer who served in Viet Nam." The implication is that his service consisted of briefing the press in Saigon, and that he has no business now leading commandos into Laos.

In fact, Gritz was an almost legendary Special Forces combat soldier. There is probably no one in America more qualified than Gritz to undertake the kind of mission the P.O.W. families had in mind.

Russell B. Adams Jr.
McLean, Va.

Lefever Exit

In the article on the confirmation hearings of Ernest Lefever [June 1] you falsely state that "Lefever's think tank accepted at least $25,000 from the Nestlé company after commissioning a study that turned out to support Nestlé's marketing of infant formula in developing countries." There is no such study. Although I agreed to write a monograph for Lefever, I have not done the study nor have I received a penny for it.

Herman Nickel
Board of Editors, FORTUNE
Washington, D.C.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

THIS IS A PRACTICE PEAK ALERT. FOR THE REAL THING, LISTEN TO YOUR RADIO.

If today were a real Peak Alert, we'd be on the radio asking you to conserve as much electricity as you could between 9 a.m. and 10 p.m., when the use of air-conditioning is greatest.

To keep your home at 78 degrees, no lower. (The colder you make it, the more electricity your air conditioner has to use.)

To postpone washing, drying or ironing clothes during the day.

To cook outdoors if you possibly can.

To vacuum early or not at all.

To read a book instead of watching a lot of TV.

To run your dishwasher after you go to bed.

To take a shower instead of a bath. (A bath uses more hot water and makes your electric water heater work overtime.)

Anything you can add to the list would be greatly appreciated.

Now, the world isn't going to come to an end if you don't conserve. Your electric bill is just going to go up.

For instance. Say we have three or four scorchers back to back and everybody turns the air-conditioning on full blast.

When you add that to the normal daily demand for electricity, it's easy to run short. Unless we start every backup power plant that's available, regardless of how small or how old.

Worse yet, some of them use awfully expensive fuels, like oil. Which means the cost of producing each extra kilowatthour of electricity goes up to almost 12 cents, 16 times more than our nuclear generators can do it for. And extra fuel costs get passed along to you in the fuel adjustment charge on your electric bill.

Besides, if everybody can just cut down a little on Peak Alert days, we won't have to build as many plants in the years ahead.

So in peak demand periods, we'll go on the radio to warn everybody that we're having a Peak Alert and it's time to conserve every way they can.

It pays. If we all conserve, we all save.

In case you need practice, make a dry run today.

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American Scene

In Nantucket: *Moby Dick* Revisited

On November 20, 1820, the Nantucket whaling ship Essex *was attacked by a sperm whale, and sank in mid-Pacific. The incident provided Herman Melville the ending for* Moby Dick. *It also sent the 20-man crew of the* Essex *zigzagging across open ocean for three months in three 23-ft. whaleboats. Eventually they resorted to cannibalism to survive. For more than 100 years the only known account was that of the first mate, Owen Chase. But this spring 100 pages written by Thomas Nickerson, who shipped on the* Essex *as a boy of 16, were found in an attic in Connecticut and sent to Edouard Stackpole, whaling expert and curator of the Peter Foulger Museum in Nantucket. Here are excerpts from Nickerson's chronicle:*

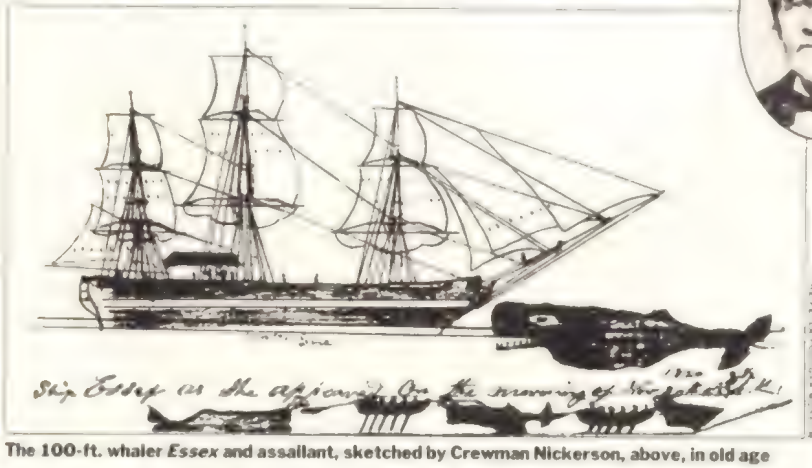
November 20. I being then at the helm and looking on the windward side of the ship saw a very large whale approaching us. I called out to the mate to inform him of it. On his seeing the whale he instantly gave me an order to put the helm hard up. I had scarcely time to obey the order, when I heard a loud cry from several voices at once, that the whale was coming foul of the ship. Scarcely had the sound of their voices reached my ears when it was followed by a tremendous crash, the whale had struck the ship with his head under the larboard fore chains at the water's edge with such force as to shock every man upon his feet. The whale then getting under the ship's bottom came up under the starboard quarters. This gave the mate a fine opportunity to have killed him with a throw of his lance. His first impulse was to do so, but on a second look, observing his tail directly beneath the rudder, his better judgment prevailed lest a flourish of the tail should unhang the rudder and render the ship unmanageable.

Could he have foreseen all that so soon followed he would probably have chosen the lesser evil and have saved the ship by killing the whale even at the expense of losing the rudder. For the monster took a turn off about 300 yards ahead, then turning short came around with his utmost speed and again struck the ship a tremendous blow with his head and with such force as to stove in the whole bow at the water's edge. One of the men who was below at the time came running upon deck saying "The ship is filling with water."

We turned our attention to getting clear the boat, the only boat left us, with which we could expect to escape. We succeeded in getting her out without injury, although the ship was waterlogged and fast falling upon her side. In the meantime the steward had twice entered the cabin and at his peril had brought out the trunks of the Captain and mate and also two quadrants and two of Bowdiches *Practical Navigators.* These, with the two compasses taken from the binnacle, was all that we had an opportunity of getting into the boat, and get in ourselves, when the ship capsized, with the mastheads in the water. . . . The boats of the Captain and Second Mate were about two miles to the leeward of the ship, and each fast to a whale. Their first intimation of the loss was the boatsteerers looking in direction of the ship, cried out to the Captain "Look! Look! What ails the ship, she is upsetting." It had the appearance at first sight of a ship caught in a sudden and hard squall or gust of wind with the sails flying in all directions and the vessel nearly turned upon one side. They lost no time in disengaging themselves.

On coming up to the ship the Captain ordered the masts cut away to try if possible to get the ship more upright with the hope to get at some provisions and water. This done, the ship again righted to an angle of 45 degrees. We commenced to cut open the decks in different parts of the ship, but unfortunately for us our provisions were mostly in the lower hold and could not be come at. We could only obtain two casks of ship bread weighing about 500 lbs., and two small hogs, which came swimming to the boats from amongst the wreck, and some half-dozen terrapins. With this little stock of food then, we are forced to be satisfied and thanks be to God, who is ever watching over us, that it is no less. *[They cast off from the hulk November 23, heading for South America.]*

November 24. The wind has risen. The sea constantly breaking into the boats makes the prospect of preserving our little stock of provisions less and less probable. At 1 p.m. a heavy sea broke into our boat filling it half full of water and saturating our stock of bread with salt water. The bread being our only dependence gave to us on the whole rather a cheerless prospect. We this day arranged our allowance of food and water, and gave it out for the first time It consisted in one cake of biscuit and a pint of water to each man, for the 24 hours.



The 100-ft. whaler *Essex* and assailant, sketched by Crewman Nickerson, above, in old age

December 17. This calm continued through the 14th to 16th December inclusive. During this trying state of affairs the mate proposed reducing our allowance of provisions one-half whilst the calms continued. We could not have reduced our allowance of water for already we had not sufficient to keep our mouths in moisture. We frequently applied salt water to our parched lips with the hope to quell the fever that raged there but that only served to increase our thirst so much that some were compelled to seek relief in their own urine. Our sufferings during these hot days almost exceed belief. Some of the men were induced to hang themselves over the side of the boat into the sea to cool their bodies and it was with the utmost difficulty that they were enabled to haul themselves again into the boat.

January 19. A severe thunderstorm caused us to take in all sails. We made frequent attempts to catch water with our sails spread horizontally, but the boats were very low and the sails were wet with salt water and consequently filled with salt so as to spoil all the fresh water that fell—and although we used frequently to catch a sailfull in a shower, yet always found it too salty for use.

January 20. This day Richard Peterson, a colored man and a native of New York State, complained of general debility and low spirits, declaring that he could not survive the day. He refused his allowance of food, saying "Keep it, it may be of service to someone but can be of none to me." He died without a struggle. He was a man of about 60 years of age and we believe he died a Christian

February 15. We are about 300 miles from Mas Afuera and have taken out our last morsel of food, which consists of only two cakes of common ship bread to each one in equal share. Death seems truly to be hovering over us, but upon a consultation we agreed that let whatever would come, we would never draw lots after our food had quite gone for each other's death, but leave all with God. We consented, however, at this time, in case one should die first the others could if they thought proper subsist upon our remains

[They were found by the brig Indian, *February 17, 1821, 450 miles off the coast of Chile, having sailed 3,500 miles. The captain's boat was also saved, but the third whaleboat, with its crew of six, was never found. Nickerson's account of what happened in the captain's boat:]*

When their last morsel of food was gone and finding all must die, and for the sake that their friends should know their fate, Charles Ramsdell made the first proposition to cast lots. Captain Pollard would not listen to it, saying to the others "No, but if I die first you are welcome to subsist on my remains," and [Pollard's nephew Owen] Coffin joined in the entreaty to cast lots. They then cut some blank paper checks, [and] put them in a hat. The lot fell upon Coffin, which he distinctly declared to be a fair lot and that he wished to abide by it. Captain Pollard then declared that he would take the lot himself, but to this Coffin would not listen. This was a trying moment, truly, the son of a beloved sister, to fall by their hands. Who can doubt but that Pollard would rather have met the death a thousand times. None that knew him will ever doubt. Neither of his companions but that shrank from the heart-rending trial. So they were compelled again to cast lots that who should draw the fatal trigger. As if the fate would have it, the awful die turned upon Captain Pollard, [who] for a long time declared that he could never do it, but finally had to submit. Coffin then called to them to come near whilst he breathed a parting message to his dear mother and family, then, craving a few moments in silence, he told them that he knew the lots had been fairly drawn Peace to his memory

Captain Pollard was not nor could he be thought to have dealt unfairly with this trying matter. On his arrival he bore the awful message to his mother as her son desired, but she became almost frantic with the thought, and I have learned that she never could become reconciled to the Captain's presence. ■

If you'd like to know how these boys can get charcoal by burning hard maple wood, drop us a line.

BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a rick of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is packed into big vats, we gentle our whiskey down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers—named Bateman, Burns and Branch.

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WHY THE 1981 U.S. GOV'T. REPORT ON CIGARETTES IS BEHIND THE TIMES!

On May 5, 1981, the Federal Trade Commission released its "new" 1981 report on cigarette tar levels.

Unfortunately, the new FTC report is really quite old.

Old because it is based on 1979 cigarette brands.

Old because much has happened in cigarette development during the year and a half that it took to complete the study.

Old because it doesn't tell tar-conscious smokers what they want to know today.

Even the FTC concedes that its report is out of date. And the fact is consumers do not have the latest statistics on comparative tar levels in ultra low tar cigarettes.

If you're a smoker, what does all this mean to you?

Now cigarettes are the Ultra Lowest Tar™ cigarettes available. No matter what the style, there is no cigarette lower in tar than today's Now.

These are the facts.

The 1981 FTC report is based on measurements of 1979 products. Here are the actual 1981 figures on lowest tar cigarette levels.

NUMBERS DON'T LIE. NO CIGARETTE, IN ANY SIZE, IS LOWER IN TAR THAN NOW.

	80's box	85's soft pack	100's box	100's soft pack
NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

*Tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method except the one asterisked (*Menthol is av. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81)

NOW

The Lowest

The lowest in tar of all brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

80X, 80X 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar" 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method

Chicago's Wrigley Field stands empty after the Cubs and other major league players interrupted the season with a strike

TIME JUNE 29, 1981

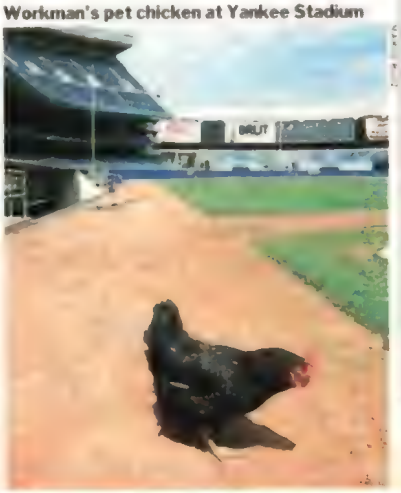
Summer of Our Discontent

America struggles to pass the time without its national pastime

The True Fan peered out at the summer of 1981: before him stretched an endless, bleak expanse of weeks abruptly and unnaturally empty. He imagined all the stadiums padlocked, their sweet geometries of green so still that one could hear the Astroturf growing. The lazy summer inevitability that has always been one of baseball's charms (the continuum of it, the meticulous formality of its records, the lovely mythic accessibility of the sport's past to its present) now grew disheveled. Local TV stations ran ancient episodes of *Gomer Pyle* instead of ball games. Somewhere in a high-rise Manhattan hotel, Mammon and the Grinch negotiated free-agent compensation, the main issue in the major league players' strike—the old push-and-shove of player freedom *vs.* owner control. But the noises coming through the door sounded rather slow and stupid, like Brer B'ar: "Ah'm gonna knock yo' haid clean off." If the Soviet Union had invaded and installed a puppet government in Washington, one could not imagine a more profoundly un-American summer than the one that suddenly seemed in prospect.

It is, of course, an outrage, even a form of cultural terrorism. Yale University President A. Bartlett Giamatti, a Boston Red Sox fanatic, wrote thunderously on the Op-Ed page of the New York *Times* that the strike was "an act of defiance against the American people . . . I appeal for it to cease. I do so as an American citizen." Those of Giamatti's countrymen who love baseball found themselves massively unedified by the collision of venalities that brought on the strike. Despite the sympathy the players may have attracted (they are correct in arguing that the owners are now simply trying to rob them of benefits that they had earlier won), most fans judged it preposterous that men with an average salary of almost $180,000 should march out singing, "I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night . . ." Boston *Globe* Columnist Mike Barnicle gave voice to the sentiments of millions: "Both sides stink. Both sides are bums."

Workman's pet chicken at Yankee Stadium



A little harsh, but that is the outcry of the passionate and deprived. The strike rudely interrupted a cherished American routine. Bernard Malamud once said, "The whole history of baseball has the quality of mythology." The strike especially offends Americans because it has subverted that sense of the mythic: the strike has kicked the mystique of baseball in the pants and coarsely brought into unavoidable view things Americans try to ignore about corporate baseball: its pinky-ring crassness, its carnivorous commercialism, its obsession with the megabucks to be wrung from the lovely game.

The strike scattered 650 professional baseball players across the country—the poor men went into culture shock, along with their wives, when they found themselves awkwardly twiddling away at home. The strike threw thousands of stadium workers (vendors, ushers and the like) out of work; it wiped out the profits

of the bars and restaurants around the ballparks. At the Cubby Bear Lounge, where many Chicago Cub fans like to do their pre- and post-game drinking, Owner George Lukas has had to lay off the day bartender; his business has dried up. The strike has disturbed not only the psyches of the fans but all the lives that depend on them. Fortunately, the San Diego Chicken has managed to cope. The Chicken, a cheerleader disguised as wacky poultry who has made himself famous by acting exuberantly weird at major league games, anticipated the strike and scheduled 30 appearances in June at minor league games. "Us chickens like the farms," he crows.

True fans tend to be both disgusted and bereft at their sudden cultural deprivation. Sportswriter Maury Allen of the New York *Post* says sadly: "There's a tremendous emptiness without baseball. Its absence creates a big void, and nothing, I mean nothing, can replace it." Americans are trying, of course. Former Texas Congressman Bob Casey, an Astros fan, is using his baseball time to burrow into a novel the size of a steamer trunk, *Shōgun*. What are the stats on a samurai? Attorney Jim Murphy, who normally attends about 75% of Houston's home games, has found a peculiar substitute for baseball: opera, an art form that the sport somewhat resembles —at least if Billy Martin or Earl Weaver is involved. "My wife," says Murphy, "thinks this strike will spawn a cultural revolution."

Normally when they are deprived of baseball by the coming of fall, the most passionate fans withdraw into what *The New Yorker's* Roger Angell calls the Interior Stadium. In this inner game, the fan, his mind a brightly specific montage of players and plays accumulated over the years, recombines them in purely speculative fantasy: "Ruth bats against Sandy Koufax or Sam McDowell ... Hubbell pitches to Ted Williams." Angell has written about one of the mysteries of baseball's attraction: "Its vividness, the absolutely distinct inner vision we have of that hitter, that eager base runner, of however long ago." No other sport, he remarks, "yields these permanent interior pictures, these ancient and precise excitements. Baseball is intensely remembered because it is so intensely watched."

But the strike has driven few fans into the stadium of the mind. After all, the weather is wrong. It is disconcerting to go "interior" around the first day of summer. The *exterior* stadium, dammit, should be operating now. Besides, no one knows how long the strike will last —these fine mental tunings cannot be made in all the haggling and tumult of a strike. Across the country, fans and reporters, radio and TV stations, have collaborated on a variety of athletic methadones meant to get them through the crisis. One afternoon last week, Oakland A's President Roy Eisenhardt sat at home watching a video tape of a game played last August between the A's and the Baltimore Orioles. The tape helped Eisenhardt keep his mind off the $250,000 that his club lost during the first weekend of the strike.

Orioles Manager Weaver tends tomatoes

On the opening day of the walkout, NBC ran highlights of Game Six of the 1975 World Series instead of the usual major league baseball game of the week. ABC ran the film *Elvis!* instead of its *Monday Night Baseball*. ESPN, a national 24-hour sports cable network, began live broadcasts of Triple-A minor league games. Some minor league teams reported increased attendance, but for most it was still too early in the strike to attract many fans from the majors. Newspapers filled their sports pages with accounts of memorable games from the past. The Chicago *Tribune* took fans back to the days when the Cubs were fighting for their last pennant (1945) and the White Sox for theirs (1959). Or else the papers had fun concocting elaborate fantasies. The San Francisco *Examiner* invented a staff writer named "Grant Wheat" (tip of the cap there to the late Grantland Rice) who proclaimed the strike settled on Tuesday and then proceeded to march the teams through a schedule full of offbeat surprises —terrible hitters suddenly erupting in orgies of homers, for example.

But the jokes were rueful; they would fairly quickly run out of laughs. People longed for the real thing. A Bronx man named Mark Feldman took his son out to Yankee Stadium to watch the New York College All-Stars play the New Jersey College All-Stars. The 2,000 spectators rattled around in the stadium like peas in the bottom of a can. "I always go to a game on Sunday," Feldman said wistfully. "I go to see the Yankees, the Mets, whoever is in town. I just love this game. I can't imagine a summer without baseball."

If the strike goes on for very long, and the unimaginable becomes the inescapable, what damage will it do to the American way of life? In the first place, it will significantly change the 1981 baseball season; it already has. The rhythm of the season has been thrown off; momentums have been lost. On the other hand, the Atlanta Braves have played so abysmally that when the strike began, the Atlanta *Constitution* editorialized: "Great news! The Braves didn't lose last night." In Atlanta, the strike may be accepted as evidence of God's mercy.

Some players will pay a sort of professional price for the strike. Pete Rose, for example, is looking to surpass Ty Cobb's record of 4,191 hits and become baseball's alltime hit leader; Rose is at 3,630 now, but at 40, will need another few seasons to catch Cobb. Indeed, he needs only *one* more hit to pass Stan Musial; he got a hit last week —in a softball game in Cincinnati. Tom Seaver of the Reds needs 48 wins to join that select group of pitchers with 300 career victories; at 36, he cannot easily afford to lose a season's pitching starts.

Ironically, the baseball strike occurs at a moment when the game is breaking all attendance records. If the interruption goes on for long, Americans might even begin to drift away spiritually from the game. The most profound charm of baseball is an illusion, really—the illusion that the game connects America now with an earlier America that we remember (falsely, in so many ways) as democratic and sweet and robust and green and essentially innocent. The strike has slapped some unlikable touches of reality upon the illusion. The charm may be a little slow in returning. —*By Lance Morrow. Reported by Edward I. Adler/New York and Paul A. Witteman/San Francisco, with other U.S. bureaus*

Disconsolate barkeep near Boston's Fenway Park

The Secretary of State with Vice Chairman Deng Xiaoping in Peking

Taking a Great Leap Forward

Haig forges ties with China but angers Moscow

"It was somewhat of a nervous time, but we did take care of a lot of good business." So said Secretary of State Alexander Haig to President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines in Manila last week, summarizing his three days of talks with Chinese leaders in Peking. Haig probably understated both the achievements and the hazards of what had been accomplished. The Secretary not only enhanced a U.S.-China relationship that had been deteriorating since Ronald Reagan took office but moved the two countries closer to a partnership that was sure to alarm the Soviets. The most visible symbol of the new relationship: an announcement that the U.S. was willing, in principle, to sell arms to China.

There was both peril and promise in that offer. The Soviets are all but paranoid about the Chinese, with whom they share a 4,100-mile border. To the Kremlin, Haig's trip was one more proof that virtually every policy move by the new Administration is dictated by its anti-Soviet stance. The announcement of the arms sale, no matter how small, added to tensions. In Moscow, Georgi Arbatov, director of the Soviet Institute for the Study of the U.S.A. and Canada, told TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott that the Haig trip was "all part of a campaign of blackmail against the Soviet Union and is just further proof that the talk coming out of Washington about resuming relations is insincere."

Some diplomatic observers wondered about the timing of the arms-sale decision, which was made with seeming haste at a National Security Council meeting shortly before Haig flew off to Peking. At the moment, the Soviets are intensely concerned about liberalizing trends in Poland. A new U.S.-China accord might well increase Moscow's sense of isolation and lead the Kremlin leaders to conclude that nothing would be lost by cracking down on the Poles. U.S. officials insist that the arms-sale offer was merely a natural step in improving relations with Peking. They contend that the U.S. has retained flexibility in future dealings with China and, as a consequence, with the Soviet Union as well.

The Secretary of State down-played the weapons announcement, pointing out that no specific request for arms had been received from the Chinese and that each application would be reviewed on a "case-by-case basis" after consulting with Congress and America's allies. Though the Chinese will most likely be interested in purchasing defensive hardware, such as antitank weapons and antiaircraft missiles, their shopping list will not be long. Strapped for funds, Peking has placed a low priority on modernization of its military forces and has slashed its defense budget for this year by 17%. Said one U.S. official: "As an arms market, the Chinese are somewhere between Togo and Zaïre."

Reading over greetings from Deng to Reagan

Toasts to "a friendly, nonaligned nation."

Haig, who had helped arrange Richard Nixon's historic visit to China in 1972, was treated with respect by his hosts. He met first for two rounds of talks with Vice Premier and Foreign Minister Huang Hua, then conferred with Vice Premier Bo Yibo, who is in charge of China's economic policy. When Haig described Reagan's plans for deregulation and decentralization of the U.S. economy, Bo Yibo, who has overseen sweeping budgetary and tax reforms in China, exclaimed: "Your program sounds just like ours!" Haig then met with Defense Minister Geng Biao and spent two hours with Vice Chairman Deng Xiaoping. Said one observer: "They really hit it off." The Secretary also had a session with Premier Zhao Ziyang, who accorded Haig a high honor: he received him inside the walled section of the old Imperial City, where China's top officials live.

Foremost among Haig's objectives was to strike a strategic consensus with the Chinese in order to "limit the Soviet Union's opportunities for exploiting its military power." With Huang, Haig launched into an impassioned presentation of the Administration's foreign policy, pointing out that where U.S. and Chinese policies diverged, such as in southern Africa and the Middle East, the differences were in tactics rather than objectives. In effusive toasts at the inevitable eleven-course banquets, Haig noted that

Lending an Ear

As if the arms-sale offer to Peking were not enough to rile the Kremlin, American officials last week admitted that for the past year the U.S. and China have run an electronic listening post in the Tian Shan mountains of western China's Xinjiang province. The station monitors missile tests conducted at Soviet bases in Leninsk and Sary-Shagan, in Kazakhstan. Though U.S. technicians installed the equipment and trained the Chinese to run the station, they now visit the site only occasionally to check on maintenance—and, presumably, pick up data.

"our objectives in practically every part of the world are similar if not identical." In talks with reporters, he constantly described China as "a friendly, nonaligned nation." The Chinese were considerably more restrained. At the farewell feast in Peking's Great Hall of the People, Huang noted that "our two sides do not entirely share the same views" and expressed polite skepticism that the Reagan Administration would do any better than Jimmy Carter's in living up to its promises.

The thorniest issue, as expected, was American support of Taiwan. Huang argued that Reagan's friendliness toward the Taipei government had stiffened its resolve against reconciliation with Peking. Haig responded that the U.S. would continue its "unofficial relationship" with Taiwan and afterward told reporters cryptically that "this was understood" by the Chinese. He assured Huang that no decision had been made on whether to sell Taiwan the FX jet, an advanced American fighter plane, and that Taiwan's arms needs would be determined strictly on military—not political—terms.

In addition to the arms-sale offer, Haig made one important concession. He promised his hosts that the Administration would introduce legislation in Congress to amend more than 100 U.S. laws that treat Peking as a Communist enemy and, as the Secretary put it, "lump China with the Soviet bloc." The loosening of export controls will allow Peking to purchase sophisticated hardware that has civilian as well as military uses, such as radar equipment and computers.

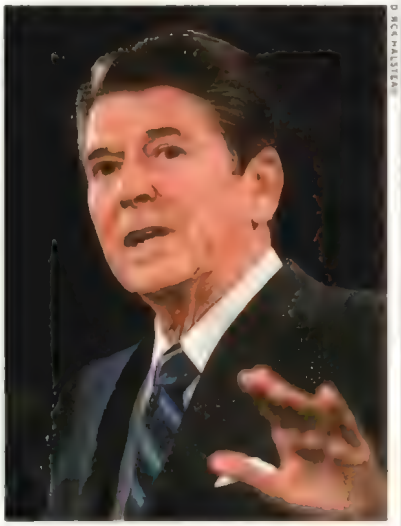
The Reagan Administration last week also announced the resumption of military aid to Pakistan. Under the proposal, Islamabad would immediately be allowed to buy U.S. weapons, including F-16 fighter planes. Starting in 1982, the U.S. would grant Pakistan economic development loans and military sales credits worth $3 billion over the next five years. President Carter suspended aid in April 1979, after Pakistan refused to submit its nuclear development program, widely considered capable of producing atomic bombs, to international inspection. The Reagan Administration views Pakistan, which borders Afghanistan, as a bulwark against Soviet expansion in the region and argues that building a security relationship with the dictatorial and unpopular regime of General Mohammed Zia ul-Haq is the best way to persuade Islamabad to curb its nuclear ambitions.

Restrictions on the sale have been waived by the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee but not by its counterpart in the House; the Pakistani arms deal needs majorities in both houses. Congress will probably approve the package, but questions about Reagan's commitment to nuclear nonproliferation will linger. Says one congressional aide: "It is a singularly awkward moment to appear easy on Pakistan's nuclear doings." —*By James Kelly. Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington and Gregory H. Wierzynski with Haig*

A Fumble on Foreign Policy

The President meets the press, "recovered" but hesitant

He entered Room 450 of the old Executive Office Building with a jaunty step and a chipper "Good afternoon," flashing that familiar grin at the 150 reporters who had gathered for Ronald Reagan's first press conference since March 6, three weeks before the assassination attempt. "I have recovered," said the President, who described his return to health as a "medical miracle." Certainly there was plenty of the old zip when he urged Congress to get moving on his budget and tax-cut bills (*see following story*). But when the questions were about foreign policy—as 15 of 25 were—the Commander in Chief was less clearly in command. Reported TIME White House Correspondent Laurence I. Barrett: "His tone was hesitant. He groped for words, even for ideas; indeed, he seemed less like a President and more like the error-prone candidate Reagan of early 1980."



D. REICHENTHAL/TIME

Reagan takes a reporter's question

Jaunty step, awkward answers.

He was comfortable when repeating familiar ideology, envisioning "the first beginning cracks, the beginning of the end" for Communism. On topical foreign policy questions, however, he seemed awkward and unsure. When he tried simultaneously to condemn yet to defend Israel's bombing of Iraq's nuclear reactor, he literally lowered his voice. In answer to one question, he made a serious error of fact—calling Syria's SA-6 antiaircraft missiles in Lebanon "offensive" weapons, even though they are defensive. Asked what he would do if Israel attacked the Syrian missiles "against our wishes," Reagan replied, "Well, this one's going to be one, I'm afraid, that I can't answer now as to how—I would hate to see this happen." In response to another question, he straightforwardly admitted that he had not given much thought to Israel's decision not to sign the nuclear nonproliferation treaty.

White House staffers privately conceded that Reagan had been off form. In fact, it was perhaps the worst public performance of his presidency. Aides were quick with excuses. Reagan was a little tired, they said, because the White House air conditioning had not worked well the night before. The air indoors was dry, and that was why his throat was raspy. His briefing book on foreign policy had been delivered later than his book on domestic issues. In posing practice questions over lunch in the Cabinet Room that day, his advisers "did not do all we could have done to help." The press conference was only the third of his presidency—there were nine in the first five months for President Carter and 37 for Franklin D. Roosevelt—so "there probably was a little rust out there."

Reagan himself told at least one staffer that he had fallen below his usual standard. He had a few effective moments. When asked whether a shooting war with the Soviets would inevitably lead to a nuclear conflagration, he said pensively, "I try to be optimistic and think that the threat of both sides would keep it from happening. And yet, at the same time, as I say, history seems to be against that, that there comes a moment in desperation when one side tries to get an advantage over the other . . . Our greatest goal must be peace."

Nonetheless, in talking publicly about foreign policy issues, the President generally seems somewhat insensitive to nuance and to how his statements will be understood abroad. Part of his problem is that he and his closest advisers lack expertise in this area. Another difficulty is the priorities he has set. With his economic program at stake, Reagan has been spending about 70% of his time on domestic issues. He has avoided making a definitive foreign policy speech, despite pressure from several quarters to do so. When asked at the press conference about making a statement of principles, he said: "I don't necessarily believe that you must, to have a foreign policy, stand up and make a wide declaration this is your policy." On that point the President made good sense. But as alternative proof that "we do have a foreign policy," he noted that he had "met with eight heads of state already, [and] representatives of nine other nations"; written letters to Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev expressing concern about Poland and indicating willingess to negotiate arms limits; and sent Secretary of State Haig on trips. That unconvincing catalogue, like the rest of the press conference, left critics wondering if this domestically able President does not need to work toward more foreign policy focus than he will find in a briefing book. ■

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34 EST HWY 23 EPA EST MPG
Estimates for comparison. Your mileage may differ, depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and Calif. estimates lower.

Senators Lawton Chiles, Ernest Hollings and Pete Domenici, with Budget Committee's 4,000-page bill

Big Battles on Two Fronts

Reagan fights Congress on the budget (again) and taxes

With the flourish of a man assured of his political popularity and the righteousness of his electoral mandate, the President last week threw down the gauntlet to Congress. Said Ronald Reagan at his press conference: "I am asking Congress today to deliver to my desk before the August recess not one, but two bills—a spending bill and a tax bill." Determined to alter the direction of Federal Government and, as he put it, "rescue the economy from high inflation and high unemployment," Reagan has become impatient with those Congressmen who have flinched at supporting his new economic proposals. "There is no longer any reason to delay," he insisted

Not that Congress has been exactly lethargic. Last month both houses approved budget resolutions that directed their individual committees to cut some $36 billion in spending for fiscal 1982, and more than $100 billion over the following two years. Since then, through the "reconciliation" process, 15 committees of the House and 16 of the Senate have labored to produce the most imposing piece of legislation ever considered by Congress: a 4,000-page omnibus budget bill that cuts back the scope and thrust of no fewer than 175 federally funded programs. That bill now goes to the floor of the two houses for possible amendment and debate

There are indeed two versions of the bill, which differ not so much in dollars as in direction. The one presented to the Senate by its Budget Committee closely tracks the proposals made for the Administration by David Stockman, Director of the Office of Management and Budget. Reagan's press conference complaint about "congressional backsliding and a return to spending as usual" was directed at the House version, in which, the President charged, "some committees reported spending cuts they know can't be made." Reagan had in mind the House Education and Labor Committee, a nest of old-time liberals headed by Democrat Carl Perkins of Kentucky. Perkins' ploy was to meet the goals of the House budget resolution by cynically slashing politically popular programs, for which funding would almost certainly be restored during floor debate. Examples: ending college loans for families making more than $25,000 a year and cutting off "impact aid" to school districts that serve federal facilities, primarily military bases. Other committees met their "goals" by proposing to close 10,000 post offices, abolish the Export-Import Bank and eliminate a program that provides meals for the elderly. "That's the kind of junk we are facing," said one presidential aide

Presentation of the House bill set the stage for a subtle parliamentary battle. House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who has helped guide passage of progressive social legislation for nearly three decades, initially went along with Perkins' ploy to make cuts that were not meant to stick. He told Perkins and other key chairmen that he would support amendments on the House floor that restored money for the popular programs, even if it meant exceeding the House resolution's budget goals. But there was one hitch: if floor amendments were permitted, the Republicans might propose an Administration-backed substitute for the entire budget bill. Reagan made just such a threat at his press conference. Said he: "My Administration will have no other choice than to support the proposal of a number of Representatives to offer a budget substitute on the floor." Indeed, Stockman had been working for three weeks with House Republicans and some Southern Democrats on an Administration alternative.

Even before Reagan made his televised threat, Democrats were having second thoughts about trying to get by with unrealistic cuts that would later be reversed. Congressman Leon Panetta of California, a member of the Budget Committee, telephoned Perkins in

TERRY ASHE

House Budget Writers Jim Jones and Delbert Latta

"Certain committees have not yet received the message."

Kentucky to warn that the Republicans, as they had with the bipartisan budget resolution, might be able to sway enough conservative Democrats to pass their own budget plan. Democrats decided to reverse some of their cuts. Perkins called his committee Democrats into caucus and chose to restore $1.75 billion for such programs as school impact aid, student loans and Head Start preschool education centers. The committee offset that by eliminating $1.57 billion from other programs —$1 billion from the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA) job program, as the Administration had recommended.

According to the Administration, the House bill still does not contain enough big budget cuts for 1983 and 1984 and is filled with "bookkeeping gimmicks." For example, it reduces expenditures for entitlement programs like food stamps without adequately changing eligibility requirements. After meeting later in the week with key advisers, Reagan agreed to back the Stockman-prepared amendment, known on the Hill as "son of Gramm-Latta."*

The 100-page Republican proposal is not a complete substitute for the Budget Committee package. A Reagan aide called it "a perfecting amendment," dealing only with the appropriations made by the seven most recalcitrant House committees, including Education and Labor. The Republican amendment proposes an additional $5.5 billion in real spending cuts in fiscal 1982 to make up in part for what Stockman claims is more than $7 billion in "phony" reductions in the House bill. Entitlement programs would be the target of the largest slashes, such as further revising food-stamp eligibility to save $1.2 billion and limiting cost of living adjustments for federal retirees to once a year, saving $900 million.

If "son of Gramm-Latta" is rejected, major differences between the House and Senate versions of the bill will have to be ironed out in a joint conference committee, where Republicans may be able to overturn some of the House cuts. But the Administration does not want to wait until this stage to fight for its revisions. Reason: if funding disparities could not be resolved, they would be eliminated from both bills, meaning that certain programs would remain at current spending levels with no cuts at all.

Despite the assessment of his own aides that he did not yet have bipartisan support for this budget fight, Reagan was not worried. Losing this second budget battle, he felt, was preferable to endorsing a bill that might lead to unacceptable deficits in 1982 and 1983 and thus undermine his arguments for future tax cuts. If he fights and fails, he at least can try to blame the Democrats in the 1982 elections for any of the economy's shortcomings. At one White House strategy session, said a participant, some aides were "hesitant to go all out for an alternative budget because a loss could cost momentum on the tax bill." But Reagan told them to battle on. Said he: "If it comes to a fight, I say damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead."

As Reagan left for a weekend at Camp David, he paused to plug his budget amendment. "Certain House committees have not yet received the message of last November that the people want less bureaucratic overhead in Washington," he said. "We can and we will stop this fiscal joy ride." This week he plans to make speeches on behalf of his budget alternative in San Antonio and Los Angeles. His aides are also considering a national media campaign of commercials, paid for by the Republican National Committee, and perhaps a televised speech by the Administration's No. 1 salesman.

*Among the sponsors of the substitute are Democrat Phil Gramm of Texas and Republican Delbert Latta of Ohio, who proposed the Reagan-backed bipartisan budget resolution that was approved by the House last month.

A Question of Humbler than Thou

It was much ado about having had nothing, a matter of pride about starting off humble. Appearing on ABC's *Issues and Answers*, House Speaker Tip O'Neill got personal in his criticism of President Reagan's tax program. Charged the Speaker: "He has no concern for the little man of America; he never meets those people." The President, O'Neill continued, "doesn't understand the working class. He has very, very selfish people around him, people only of the upper echelon who have forgotten where they've come from."

Ronald Reagan was stung. Asked about O'Neill's remarks as he was leaving his press conference, the President accused the Speaker of "sheer demagoguery." Reagan recalled the modest frame house his family rented in Dixon, Ill., where he lived from age eight to 13. "We didn't live on the wrong side of the railroad tracks, but we lived so close to them we could hear the whistle real loud. I know very much about the working group. I grew up in poverty."

The President's situation has improved somewhat since then, and an insulted O'Neill drew a comparison: "I still live in the same neighborhood I did as a young boy," said the Massachusetts Congressman, who lives just around the corner from his childhood home, a two-family frame house in blue-collar North Cambridge. He huffed that he would never call a President a demagogue, adding, "I assume in the future he will have the same respect for the speakership." Maybe so. Reagan called his fellow fighting Irishman the next day and smoothed things over, one poor boy to another.

Reagan's old home in Dixon, O'Neill's in North Cambridge (Insets: young Ronnie and Tip)

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The 1981 Century.

The idea behind a limousine is to make you feel comfortable, elegant, uncrowded and well big

And that, in a nutshell, is also the idea behind our Buick Century Limited Sedan

There are, however, some noteworthy differences While true limousines are large and expensive, our Century is small and inexpensive Yet still carries six people quite comfortably

And while a big limo needs a big engine, our little limo hums along with an efficient 3 8 liter V-6

3 8 liter V-6	EST HWY	EPA EST MPG
	30	21

The elegantly appointed, graceful, yet economical Buick Century Limited Sedan

A car that makes you feel very well to-do, without making you pay the price

REMEMBER Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy Estimates lower in California (Buicks are equipped with GM built engines supplied by various divisions See your dealer for details)

BUICK

The budget brawl overshadowed a struggle on a second front: Reagan's push for his broad multiyear tax cut. There are no serious problems with the Republican-controlled Senate. In fact, Russell Long, the ranking Democrat on the Finance Committee, told the President at a White House meeting, "You have the votes in the Senate to pass your tax bill." At that session, Long's Louisiana colleague, Democrat J. Bennett Johnston, urged inclusion in the package of a "trigger mechanism" that would eliminate a proposed third year of tax cuts if deficits rose too high. But Reagan's attitude was 5-10-10 or fight. Said he, "Government spends all the taxes it gets. If we reduce taxes, we'll reduce spending."

The Finance Committee went along, approving, 15 to 4, a three-year, 25% income tax reduction to begin Oct. 1. The Finance Committee and the Administration also agree on proposals that would reduce the "marriage penalty" tax paid by wage-earning couples and allow faster tax write-offs for business investments.

Reagan's tax proposals are faring less well in the House Ways and Means Committee. Nonetheless, actions by the Democratic majority there demonstrated how completely the Republicans have dominated the economic debate. The committee last week voted for two proposals designed to please business quite as much as Reagan wanted, or even more. Reagan had merely requested speeding up the schedule for depreciation write-offs, but the Democrats approved a measure that would allow some businesses to deduct the cost of new equipment in the year purchases were made, a move designed to encourage investment. They also voted a gradual reduction in the top corporate tax rate from 46% to 34%, very much in line with White House proposals. After the committee votes, one Administration official observed: "If they move toward us any closer, maybe we should just adopt their bill and declare victory."

At his press conference Reagan insisted his election was "an overwhelming mandate to rescue the economy." He has been firm so far in fighting for passage of his radical budget and tax cuts. The Democrats, lacking a comprehensive alternative that can hold their House majority in line, have done little more than salvage a few programs and obstruct a handful of Reagan proposals. But they did have one small consolation last week. Because of the increased work load of the Office of Management and Budget, Stockman asked for a 12% increase in appropriations for his agency. Said liberal Democrat Edward Roybal of California, "Children will be left hungry, the aged left weary and cold, the truly needy wanting, and Mr. Stockman thinks his OMB's duties should take priority." A House Appropriations subcommittee denied the request. *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Douglas Brew and Neil MacNeil/Washington*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Losing Your Amateur Status

There was a time when politicians, having done their best or worst for the nation, went back home to the relative obscurity of their estates, law offices and front porches. Their subsequent public utterances were geared mainly to memoirs and the judgments of history. For the most part they discreetly left their successors to their own stumbles and triumphs.

In recent years, many of the principals of has-been Governments have taken up residence on the edge of events. Sustained by lobbying, lecture fees and foundation grants, they hurl some derision, no little doubt and—always—advice into the midst of the newcomers on active duty. The spectacle of has-beens in the shadows yearning for a return to power (Republican Henry Kissinger as well as Democrat Walter Mondale) may be our vague answer to parliamentary government. This kind of criticism and comment has the benefit of sharpening debate and the debit of heightening confusion.

As Ronald Reagan enters his sixth month in power, the has-beens have helped put Washington in a mild dither. For one thing, there are more of them around than ever before: three vigorous former Presidents, two former Vice Presidents, six former First Ladies, scores of former Cabinet officers and literally hundreds of their lesser aides and consultants. Some, like Jimmy Carter, have been discreetly silent. Nonetheless, the has-beens form an army of sorts that marches through the hearing rooms, the banquet halls and the panel shows, leaving its public assessments of Reagan and its private disagreements with what he is doing.

Discreet retirement: ex-President Grover Cleveland in Princeton, N.J. (1903)

For example, Zbigniew Brzezinski was in Europe last week burnishing the dismal foreign policy record of Jimmy Carter, for whom Brzezinski was National Security Adviser, and suggesting that Reagan's venture into international management so far was amateurish. The Reaganites, complained former Ambassador to Moscow Malcolm Toon not long ago, "have no foreign policy at all." His was the bluntest of many voices on that issue.

Former Vice President Mondale, now practicing law with the well-connected Washington firm of Winston & Strawn, has been on the move hustling money for his 1984 campaign and expressing the quite novel theory that Reagan had misread the American mood. From the halls of academe, Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., an unreconstructed Kennedyite, endorsed the view that Reagan's budget cutting is a "dangerous course."

Much of this kind of criticism can be discounted because it is so blatantly partisan. Yet there have also been rumbles from those who wish Reagan well, like Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker on human rights. Right now Washington still admires the President as a man but is beginning to worry about his policy (or lack of it) and is even entertaining a few doubts about how far his magnetism can take the country. A few weeks ago, it was accepted that Reagan's charm was a formidable weapon. It still is, but in the singular chemistry of Washington, there is concern that too much charm without more substance can create doubt.

That subtle shift in mood in the capital mostly involves foreign policy. There comes a time in any Administration—if it is going to succeed—when all the lever-pulling and the button-mashing and the exhortation must produce a feeling of real movement and direction. The sense in the capital is that at last week's press conference, Reagan lost his amateur status. He should have known more than he did about the state of the world and U.S. intentions. Nostalgia and old movie stories have served well, and will do their bit again. But now there are bills to be put on the books, decisions to be made about defense and diplomacy.

Some thoughtful declarations from the White House are needed to take Reagan and his country from honeymoon to wedded harmony.

Trafficking in Terror for Libya

Former CIA agents and U.S. suppliers reap profits

The world's most notorious supporter of international terrorism is Libya's mercurial strongman, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi. The Reagan Administration is so convinced of the Gaddafi connection with terrorism that last month it ordered Libya's diplomatic mission in Washington to close up shop and leave the U.S. But who is helping to train and arm Gaddafi's terrorists? The astonishing and embarrassing answer: former agents of the Central Intelligence Agency and private U.S. companies that have long supplied the CIA with such tricks of the trade as gun silencers, concealable explosives, delayed-triggering timers and electronic snooping devices.

So claims a two-part story in The New York *Times* Magazine by Seymour Hersh, a former *Times* reporter and current freelance journalist. His account of Americans putting their pursuit of personal wealth above the national interest has been confirmed in its essential details by TIME correspondents. Hersh's tale of intrigue also raised questions about the Government's attitude toward the export of expertise in terrorism. The Justice Department and the FBI investigated the case seemingly with less than full enthusiasm. The State Department and the CIA appear unable to stop this peculiar kind of profiteering.

The main source for Hersh's story is Kevin Mulcahy, 38, a former computer and communications expert for the CIA. He left the agency in 1968, worked in electronics and computers, overcame a struggle with alcoholism, and in 1976 was coaxed into the business of exporting high-speed communications and computer gear. His scheming partners in Inter-Technology, Inc., were two former CIA undercover agents: Edwin P. Wilson, 52, who had helped to organize the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, and Frank E. Terpil, 41, who had worked overseas for the agency as a communications technician. Wilson, known as "the ice-man" at the agency, was a cold yet charming operative who kept in gregarious touch with his CIA buddies. He often took Mulcahy along to suburban Washington bars, like the Rough Rider Lounge at the Ramada Inn in Tyson Corners, Va., where agents gathered. Mulcahy was convinced that his partner was still working "under deep cover" for the CIA.

Thus Mulcahy was not alarmed when his two partners told him that they planned to visit Gaddafi in Tripoli. One reason: Wilson, in Mulcahy's presence, had told Theodore G. Shackley, then an assistant to the CIA's highest clandestine operations official, about the trip. Gaddafi wanted to buy thousands of timers that could set off explosives at a specified hour, ostensibly to clear Israeli mines left from the October War of 1973—even though there is no evidence that any such mines were in Libyan waters or territory.

A firm called American Electronic Laboratories, Inc., of Falls Church, Va., which had long furnished the CIA with classified equipment, agreed to build prototypes for Gaddafi's order. The deal was set at a meeting in a Virginia bar attended by William Weisenburger, then on active duty with the CIA, and another agent working undercover at American Electronic. Libya eventually placed an order for 300,000 timers—far more than needed to blow up any possible number of imagined Israeli mines.

American Electronic balked at the size of this order. Wilson then recruited another CIA supplier, Scientific Communications, Inc., of Dallas, to provide a second batch of prototypes. They were delivered to Wilson and Mulcahy at a motel near CIA headquarters in Langley, Va., by Joe Halpain, the Dallas firm's president. The final Gaddafi order was for 500,000 of the timers, for which he promised to pay $35 million. They cost only $2.5 million to produce. Explosives to go with the timers were illegally supplied by J.S. Brower & Associates of Pomona, Calif., another CIA contractor. Some 40,000 lbs. of the high explosive RDX—the largest nonmilitary shipment on record—were flown to Libya in 55-gal. drums marked "industrial solvent." This was a risky enterprise since the drums could have exploded in flight in turbulent weather.

Edwin Wilson

Kevin Mulcahy

Frank Terpil

Mulcahy finally decided his partners were acting on their own, not for the agency, when they directed him to arrange for purchase of a Redeye ground-to-air missile for Gaddafi. Mulcahy feared Gaddafi might be planning to arm a Redeye with a nuclear warhead. Alarmed, he searched through his company's files, found documents he had never seen—and reported his findings to both the CIA and the FBI.

The documents, according to Hersh, disclose that Wilson and Terpil had set up a training program in Libya in "espionage, sabotage and general psychological warfare." It included a laboratory near Tripoli for making assassination bombs disguised as ashtrays, lamps or teakettles. An active CIA agent, Pat Loomis, allegedly helped induce some Green Berets training at Fort Bragg, N.C., to leave the Special Forces and join the Libyan operation as instructors.

Mulcahy also discovered that Terpil had provided arms, explosives and torture devices under a $3.2 million contract with Idi Amin Dada's brutal government in Uganda. Terpil had once bragged about testing a new poison on someone in Uganda whom he had no reason to kill. He also told two New York City undercover police posing as arms buyers, "If you're knocking off Americans, it will cost you 40% more."

A watering hole for current and former CIA agents in Tyson Corners, Va.

For some Americans personal wealth rated higher than the nation's interests.

Fearing retaliation from his former partners after talking to federal investigators, Mulcahy went into hiding under assumed names. It took until April 1980, nearly four years after Mulcahy talked, for Wilson and Terpil to be finally charged with conspiring to sell explosives to Libya and to commit murder. Both are fugitives overseas and federal investigators believe they are still training terrorists in Tripoli. Their work pays well. They have bought more than $5 million worth of real estate in the U.S. and England.

Federal prosecutors contend that jurisdictional problems, lack of effective laws and the priority of other cases caused the long delay in following through on Mulcahy's information. But some Justice officials suggest that CIA agents had impeded faster action. One prosecutor told TIME, "When you deal with the CIA everything is done with a wink and a nod. And there was a lot of winking and nodding going on."

Former CIA Director Stansfield Turner, who inherited the Wilson-Terpil problem in 1977, promptly fired two agents, Loomis and Weisenburger. Shackley's role is still being studied. Action against former agents is difficult because there is no law, or even a CIA regulation, banning them from selling their expertise, short of national security secrets, or exploiting past CIA commercial connections once they leave the agency. One formidable reason is that the CIA often wants to use such "former" operatives in future undercover work.

The CIA's apparent reluctance to help push the Wilson-Terpil case faster carries more ominous undertones. Wilson's lawyers have hinted to the prosecutors that they would turn any trial into a case against the CIA and would include the claim that Wilson, at the time of his deals with Gaddafi, was still working for the agency. Some investigators suspect that Wilson would try to link other former and even current senior CIA officials with similar arms deals for private profit.

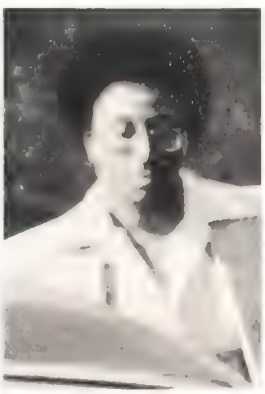
Joel Lisker, chief counsel to the Senate Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism, doubts that the number of former agents involved in such traffic is large. "But it doesn't need to be," he adds. "Terpil and Wilson alone could keep Gaddafi and Idi Amin supplied with everything they need." Lisker suspects that the CIA probably did know about the Wilson and Terpil dealings with the Libyan dictator, explaining, "Gaddafi is the No. 1 guy the CIA wants to get next to. He's a bad guy —and so are Wilson and Terpil. How else could the CIA get close?"

But the problem of former high U.S. officials profiteering in shady deals with unfriendly nations may go beyond the CIA, if Mulcahy is to be believed. He told TIME last week, "I know former U.S. military officers of flag rank who are in illegal arms sales. The problem is so big that people in Washington are afraid to deal with it." —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Jonathan Beaty/Washington*

Caught in the Headlines

While authorities feud, a "suspect" takes the offensive

Journalists around Atlanta who know Wayne B. Williams describe the diffident 23-year-old as a "news groupie." When he was a teen-ager, he built and broadcasted from a low-power radio station in his home. Later he worked for a number of commercial radio stations and served as a freelance news cameraman for the city's WSB-TV. But since June 4, the news enthusiast has found himself too close to the headlines. Beginning that morning—when Williams was released from local FBI headquarters after hours of questioning about the deaths of 28 black Atlanta youths—he was hotly pursued by an army of reporters, photographers and TV cameramen. He has been described repeatedly in print as a "suspect"—a designation authorities use routinely in private conversation, but have carefully avoided in public.



Wayne B. Williams

As police and the FBI continued to seek evidence that might link him to the mass murders, Williams took the offensive. His lawyer, former City Solicitor Mary Welcome, sought a federal court injunction to restrain 17 news organizations and eleven law enforcement agencies and officials from releasing information that might harm her client. The "blitzkrieg of media harassment" and various statements by the authorities, charged Welcome, have already "irreparably destroyed the presumption of innocence" to which Williams is constitutionally entitled if brought to trial. Williams' petition named, among others, Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, Public Safety Commissioner Lee Brown, the three major TV networks, the New York *Times* and *Post*, and both the Associated Press and United Press International (TIME was not named). U.S. Judge Orinda Evans decided last week to consider Williams' petition in two separate hearings: one behind closed doors, for law enforcement defendants; the other open to the public, for defendants in the media.

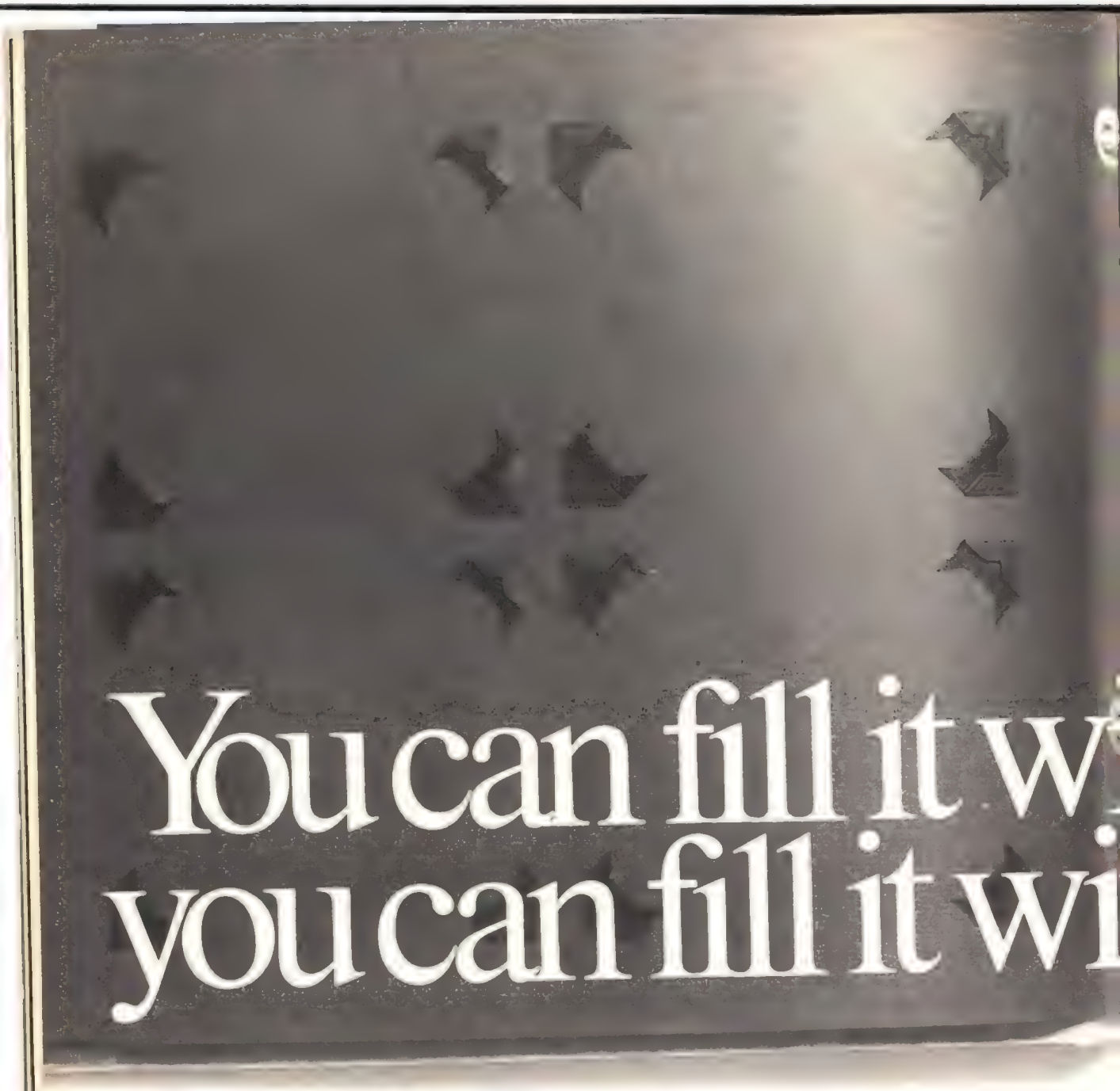
The press has been divided on how to cover the investigation of Williams. While the A.P. and Atlanta broadcasters refused to use Williams' name or photograph on the ground that he had not been charged with a crime, U.P.I. and most other news organizations have revealed his identity. Williams, editors argue, is a public figure by virtue of his extensive interrogation by FBI agents and the subsequent search of his home. Moreover, he contributed substantially to his own notoriety by holding a press conference at which he not only passed out a five-page résumé but acknowledged himself to be "a prime suspect."

The publicity—and confusion—surrounding the Williams' investigation has been heightened by a dispute between the Atlanta police and the FBI. Local officials have accused FBI agents of bungling their initial encounter with the supposed suspect. On May 22, agents stopped Williams near the Chattahoochee River after hearing a suspicious splash in the waters, from which the bodies of several victims had previously been recovered. Williams, some local police charge, should have been brought downtown for questioning immediately. Instead, he was released.

FBI officials insist they had no legal right to bring Williams to their headquarters on the basis of a splash. Only when the body of Nathaniel Cater, 27, the 28th and most recent victim, was found in the Chattahoochee two days later were the agents justified in taking action. The one "vulnerability" in the handling of the case, said an FBI official, was the "looseness of surveillance" shortly after the May 22 incident. According to neighbors, Williams removed several boxes from his home the following day. The boxes "could be irrelevant," said the official, "but they also could be the very stuff we're looking for."

If wrangling among investigators "makes us look like Keystone Kops," says a senior FBI agent, "the problem is not with the Atlanta police; the problem is we've got a local prosecutor who is balking at prosecution." The feds are so fed up with Fulton County District Attorney Lewis Slaton's reluctance to charge Williams, TIME Correspondent Evan Thomas has learned, that the U.S. Attorney's office may seek a special prosecutor in the case. "Someone with more courage," as one G-man puts it. Slaton might be more courageous if he felt the evidence were stronger. It is Slaton who would have to see a prosecution through once an indictment is brought, whereas "the FBI will be long gone," says a source close to the D.A.

Still, the FBI is confident of its case. It claims that carpet fibers and dog hairs taken from Williams' home are identical to those found on certain victims, and several witnesses report having seen victims get into Williams' car. Agents are also suspicious of Williams' talent-agent business: they say that he distributed leaflets inviting eleven- to 21-year-olds to audition "in private"—for a rock group. One other coincidence is pointed out by an FBI official: since Williams has been watched, "the murders have stopped; the cycle has been broken." ■



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COVER STORIES

France's New Look

Socialist President Mitterrand gets his parliament and a mandate

For the past 34 years, he has celebrated Pentecost Sunday by leading a small group of family and friends on a climb up the Rock of Solutré, a steep and scenic ascent near the medieval Abbey of Cluny in east central France. The locale has a special meaning for him. It was there that his wife's family sheltered members of the Resistance during the German Occupation. After the war, the annual Solutré pilgrimage became a tradition with François Mitterrand, an occasion to reunite with relatives and old war friends.

He has made the climb in times of triumph, but more often in long seasons of defeat—as a minister under the Fourth Republic, as an opposition deputy, later as head of the Socialist Party, which seemed unable to take power. So it was no surprise that this year his step seemed to be more jaunty when he headed up the familiar rock in his new role: President of France.

Typically, Mitterrand made no concessions to pomp or protocol. Said his brother-in-law, Actor Roger Hanin, who accompanied the President on the familiar trek: "It was just about the same as it always has been—except that there were more journalists this time." Dressed casually in a sports shirt and a navy-blue cap, brandishing a walking stick, chewing occasionally on a twig, Mitterrand made his way up the steep path with the same air of equanimity, quiet confidence and determination that had marked his 16-year pursuit of the presidency.

There may be Solutrés for years to come, but the political ascension of François Mitterrand has peaked: he can go no higher. On Sunday he scored the most smashing triumph of his career as voters gave his Socialist Party a solid majority of some 290 seats in the 491-member National Assembly. At the same time, the Communists, his troublesome allies, lost hope of playing an influential role in the government when they dropped from 86 seats to an estimated 43. For the first time since former President Charles de Gaulle's landslide in 1968, a single party will rule both the executive and legislative branches of government. For Mitterrand, it was not only a stunning personal victory but a green light to govern France on his own terms for half a decade—and possibly longer. No other democratically elected leader in the world can enjoy such a mandate. Noted one jubilant Mitterrand aide: "He will be around for seven years, and he will have parliamentary support for at least five. That's more than President Reagan, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt or Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher can say."

Mitterrand's legislative victory was also a vindication of his long-range political strategy. After winning the presidency last month with a surprise victory over Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, the center-right incumbent, Mitterrand disbanded the National Assembly, which had been controlled by Giscard's coalition, an amalgam of the Gaullist and centrist forces that had run the government for 23 years. In the campaign to elect a new Assembly, Mitterrand was threatened from two directions. If the right regained control of the chamber, France could face a constitutional crisis; the institutions of the Fifth Republic are not designed to work if the Elysée and the Assembly are controlled by opposing forces. On the other flank, if the Communists did well, they could force their way into a coalition government and impose their radical demands on the Socialists. Mitterrand's only hope for stable government lay in a Socialist majority or in a strong enough plurality to rule with leftist splinter parties.

The campaign was bitterly fought. On the far left, Communist Boss Georges Marchais trumpeted his party's readiness to "assume all its responsibilities, including in France's government." After seizing control of the center-right forces after Giscard's defeat, Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac enjoined his followers to "keep France from going the road of adventure that the ideologues of the Socialist Party have chosen." Giscard himself confined his activities to a few campaign appearances on behalf of the center-right candidate in his home district of Chamalières.

Despite the high stakes for him as well as the nation, François Mitterrand stayed serenely above the battle, employing the same tactic that had served him so well in the last stages of the presidential race. Embodying the *force tranquille* of his campaign slogan, he issued only one brief political statement last week, urging voters to "give me the means to apply my program." The new President actually sought to avoid appearing in public or on television. Leaving campaign strategy in the hands of Premier Pierre Mauroy, Mitterrand spent his long workdays huddling with aides over economic reform plans and grappling with his first foreign policy crisis, the destruction two weeks ago of Iraq's French-built nuclear reactor by Israeli jets, an attack that he resoundingly condemned.

Most of Mitterrand's evenings were spent at small, informal Elysée dinners. Gone was the stiff Giscardian protocol that required the President to be served before his guests. Mitterrand's conversation at these gatherings was often far removed from electoral concerns. Recounts Brother-in-Law Hanin: "We talked about Jean Renoir and his films, theater, trees and tennis." Even as the new President

With a smile of victory after years of defeat, François Mitterrand sits at the presidential desk once occupied by his old rival, Charles de Gaulle

was being helicoptered to his own parliamentary district, at Château-Chinon, to vote in the first round of the legislative balloting, he appeared utterly oblivious to politics, absorbed in a contemporary Japanese novel.

For all his air of quiet confidence, even Mitterrand must have been surprised by the magnitude of the Socialist sweep, which was apparent as soon as the first-round results began to trickle in on the evening of June 14. Surpassing even the most optimistic polls, Socialist candidates won 37.5% of the popular vote —half again as much as Mitterrand's first-round total on the April 26 presidential ballot. The neo-Gaullists and Giscardians took 20.8% and 19.2% respectively.

Most significantly, the Communists won only 16.2%—just a slight improvement over Marchais's dismal 15.34% in the April 26 presidential voting. Thus Mitterrand, while espousing the unity of the left, finally succeeded where his center-right predecessors had failed, reducing the Communists to a marginal role in French society. On the morning after, Marchais found himself in no position to impose any demands on the Socialist President.

That fact—and the country's deliverance from the threat of a paralyzing constitutional deadlock—eased tensions not only in France but in Western capitals. "Now no one will be able to say Mitterrand is a prisoner of the Communists," said French Political Scientist Pierre Hassner. Nothing underscored the sense of relief as graphically as the reaction of the Paris stock exchange within days of the first-round voting, values on the Bourse gained back 7% of the 30% lost after Mitterrand's election. The ailing franc, too, was showing signs of stabilizing.

Reflecting a major West German concern, Bonn's *General-Anzeiger* headlined: COMMUNIST PARTICIPATION UNNECESSARY. Reagan Administration officials privately expressed similar satisfaction. Said one U.S. official: "Mitterrand with a mandate has to be easier to deal with than a Mitterrand constantly forced to protect his left flank."

Defining how Mitterrand won his mandate, and what it really means, was not entirely clear even to the French, who delight in precise analysis. The most likely explanation was that the French, alarmed by rising inflation and unemployment, and tired of Giscard's imperial style, had simply voted for change and thus wound up with François Mitterrand in the Elysée. At that point, according to this view, the logical French gave the new President a clear-cut Socialist majority in order to avoid a constitutional deadlock or a messy coalition with the Communists. "Having opted for change, French voters knew enough not to throw the country into a political crisis," explains Alain Lancelot of Paris' National Foundation of Political Science.

Most non-Socialists remained unconvinced by what, on the surface, might seem to be a plausible enough explanation: that a solid majority of men and women went to the polls four times in two months and chose a Socialist President and parliament because that was what they really wanted. "The people did not vote socialist because they are enthusiastic about nationalizations or Mitterrand's economic program," insists Lancelot. "They voted for Mitterrand because they were fed up with people who acted as if they owned the government."

Indeed, many analysts compared the Socialist victory with the triumph of conservatives in the U.S. and Britain. The common denominator, says Foreign Policy Specialist Simon Serfaty of the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, is "a rebellion against a perceived ineffectiveness of the government in power." Ralf Dahrendorf, director of the London School of Economics, agrees: "It's not a question of conservatism or socialism being ascendant. It's that people have been voting for change. The French electors might have preferred a different sort of change, but the one they got was the only one available."

To be sure, there were some

Let them eat roses: Socialist supporters with party symbol

No more acting "as if they owned the government."

Shunning pomp and protocol, the new President (wearing a sports shirt and cap) leads family and friends down from the rock of Solutré

A power to work his will that can seem irresistible, but his inscrutable vagueness on many points shrouds the future in uncertainty.

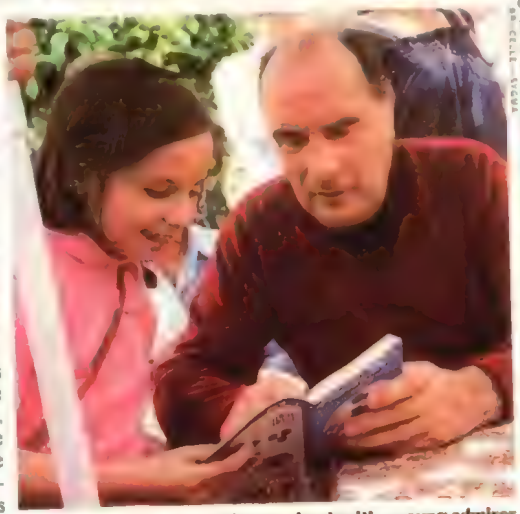
practical political factors at work in the Socialists' legislative victory. One was Mitterrand's low-key, reassuring performance in office so far. Another was the moderate makeup of his Cabinet, many of whose members in fact came from the same technocratic elite that had staffed the outgoing center-right government. Writes Jacques Fauvet, director of the Paris daily *Le Monde*: "Without reneging on his promises or on symbolic gestures, Mitterrand has been able to inspire confidence well beyond the Socialist electorate."

Another factor was the disarray within the center-right coalition. The split between Giscard and Chirac was so bitter that the defeated President accused the Paris mayor of committing "premeditated treason" to undermine his re-election. Notes Political Scientist Raymond Aron: "Giscard's defeat did not necessarily entail a route for the center-right. The former majority was not defeated. It committed suicide."

But the deeper causes of the Socialist triumph may lie in a combination of sociological and demographic trends that have been working in the left's favor for over a decade. In the preface to his recent book, *Leftist France, Rightist Vote*, Political Scientist Lancelot writes that "the social foundations of the left, and notably of the Socialists, have broadened considerably in the past ten years to the detriment of the right's social base." He cites the following trends as increasing the left's support: urbanization, the rising number of salaried workers, growth of the service sector and the steady flow of women into the labor force. Meanwhile, there was a decline in the social groups that traditionally support the right: farmers, small shopkeepers, wealthy bourgeois families and nonworking women.

Paradoxically, the Socialists may also have benefited from the economic prosperity achieved under their center-right predecessors. Not only was France's 12.5% inflation and 7.2% unemployment still comparatively mild, by world standards, but more important, the country has one of Europe's most dynamic and resilient economies. Over the past 13 years, for example, the growth of the gross national product has averaged 4.2%, compared with West Germany's 3.5% and the U.S.'s 2.7%. In the industrialized world, only Japan has a higher rate of investment and savings. Yet the very success of France's state-led capitalist economy has heightened the appeal of state-led socialism. Explains a Paris-based banking analyst: "The Socialist economic program represents one of those periodic redistributions that occur in economies that have been remarkably successful and prosperous. The French people have voiced their approval for a leftist majority precisely because they feel for the first time in memory they can afford it."

Affordable or not, here it comes. Mitterrand did not even wait for his parliamentary majority before acting on some of the key planks of his economic platform. On June 3, the Cabinet announced a 10% raise in the minimum wage, to $3.10 an hour, and expanded allowances of about 25% for the aged, handicapped and poor. Then followed a decree calling for a mandatory fifth week of paid vacation for all salaried workers. On June 10, the government set up a committee of business and union leaders to draft a plan for a gradual shortening of the work week to 35 hours by 1985. Simultaneously came the announcement of nearly 54,000 new government jobs and a reform of the French tax system that would impose surtaxes on company expense accounts and high salaries. And last week the government unveiled a plan to aid small and medium-size businesses with up to $3 billion in low-interest, state-backed loans. At the same time, the state is encouraging the hiring of



Avid Reader Mitterrand shares a book with a young admirer

young and unskilled workers by exempting employers from paying half of their pension contribution

Some of Mitterrand's more ambitious reforms will require parliamentary approval. He will probably move quickly, for example, on his commitment to create 210,000 new public-sector jobs over the next twelve months. But the new government seems in no hurry to carry out the most controversial part of Mitterrand's economic program: the nationalization of private banks and eleven basic industries, including aircraft production, electronics and chemicals

No firm date has been set for any nationalizations, and there is a growing feeling that a government takeover may simply involve ministerial supervision of the boards of major companies. Confided a prominent business leader in Paris last week: "I met with Mitterrand ten days ago and I could tell that he simply doesn't know how to nationalize. He's made this campaign pledge and now he's got to fulfill it. But I'm not sure his heart's in it." Other observers, however, are convinced that the full Socialist program—including nationalizations—will be carried out. "Many Frenchmen doubt Mitterrand's socialism and think that since he no longer needs the Communists, he'll behave as a moderate and govern at the center-left," says Raymond Aron. "I think these skeptics are wrong and insult the President." The President himself supported that view last week, vowing publicly to "fulfill all my promises."

Even if they are carried out in full, the threatened nationalizations will hardly revolutionize France's economy, which is already heavily state controlled through the government's allocation of investment. After all, Charles de Gaulle started the nationalization process in 1945, leading to state takeovers of Renault and four major banks. Moreover, some of the previously nationalized companies (Renault and Aérospatiale) are doing well

The most valid criticism of Mitterrand's nationalization plan is that it alienates the business community while assuring no real economic or job-sustaining benefits. With surprising candor, Finance Minister Jacques Delors admits that all the new economic measures will not significantly lower unemployment in the short run and will spur the country's growth rate by only .5% this year

In the jaundiced eyes of many businessmen, nationalization seems to be part of a general "policy of revenge"—along with the stiff new surtaxes on expense accounts, four-star hotels, private boats and incomes over $65,000. Says one private banker, with considerable hyperbole: "My family and I are going to be virgins sacrificed on the altar of a Socialist god!" Says an embittered business leader: "The Socialist leveler tide just may succeed where 200 years of recurring French puritanism has failed: to make France colorless and downright boring." As for the shorter workday and higher minimum wage, businessmen insist that less work for more pay will simply make French exports uncompetitive, leading to lower growth and higher unemployment

Boardroom visions of apocalypse seem somewhat exaggerated. The ascendancy of the Socialists is surely no revolution, any more—and probably less—than Reaganism's triumph in the U.S In many ways, the coming of the new government represents a renewal of some deep-seated French traditions and values State intervention in economic and social matters, for example, goes as far back as Louis XIV. Even the 35-hour work week coincides with a traditional French preference for leisure over the exclusive pursuit of material wealth. No other nation on earth closes up shop for a month with such flair and goes en masse on vacation the way France does in August

What the Socialists really promise is not so much a "new economic order" as a shift in priorities: the campaign against unemployment will now take precedence over Giscard's preoccupation with inflation fighting. Meanwhile, the new government has acted capably and responsibly on the monetary front, continuing ex-Premier Raymond Barre's efforts to shore up the sagging franc

"The French are a hard-working society, very productive and prosperous, and they are going to remain that way, no matter who's in charge and no matter what institutions are imposed," says Edmund Stillman, director of Paris' Hudson Institute. "I'm not saying this is going to be roses from now on. But everything considered, the Socialists here look pretty pragmatic."

The Mitterrand team was also taking a cautious approach to foreign policy during its first weeks in office—and with good reason. The new government faced the task of allaying fears in friendly capitals that abrupt change was in the offing. Shortly after Mitterrand's inauguration last month, Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson set off for Bonn for meetings with West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher. His mission: to reassure France's foremost political and economic partner that "close and friendly Franco-German relations would continue" despite the departure of Schmidt's personal friend, *cher* Valéry, from the Elysée. Cheysson next boarded an Air France Concorde for Washington, where he charmed President Ronald Reagan and Secretary of State Alexander Haig with his breezy, gracious manner and his impeccable Oxford English

There was more than good personal chemistry behind the mutual striving for Franco-American entente. Indeed there was a broad range of foreign policy issues on which the Socialist President's views seemed more compatible with

Commemorating fallen Resistance heroes at Mont Valérien monument

Reviewing honor guard with Saudi King Khalid

Washington's than those of his patrician predecessor. On East-West questions, for example, both Mitterrand and his Foreign Minister have emphatically denounced the Soviet menace in Afghanistan and Poland. In fact, the Socialists have made it clear to Marchais's Communists that they cannot hope to play even a token role in the government without endorsing that condemnation of Moscow's imperialism.

Mitterrand and Cheysson have also voiced concern over the buildup of Soviet SS-20 missiles in Eastern Europe. They have strongly supported NATO's decision to respond by deploying U.S.-made Pershing II and cruise missiles on Western European soil.

Washington is also pleased by Mitterrand's deep personal sympathy for Israel and by his early support for the Camp David agreement, which his predecessor had criticized. One of Mitterrand's first foreign policy gestures after his election, in fact, was to accept Prime Minister Menachem Begin's invitation to visit Israel "when circumstances allow." At the same time the French President supports the establishment of a Palestinian homeland and feels that his evenhanded approach to the Middle East will give France more leverage in the search for a peaceful settlement. As Mitterrand put it in an interview with the New York *Times*: "I am a friend of Israel, and I shall do nothing to endanger Israel's existence nor the means to exist; but I do not think that it is realistic to pretend that the Palestinian problem does not exist."

The new administration's sympathy for Israel was sorely tested two weeks ago when Begin sent his F-16s to destroy a French-built reactor near Baghdad. Not only did Mitterrand and Cheysson publicly denounce the attack, but France last week introduced a resolution in the U.N. Security Council censuring Israel and calling on the country to repay Iraq for the damage done to the $260 million facility. (France later supported a milder resolution, worked out by the U.S. and Iraq, that only implied Israel should pay for the damage.) Despite his anger over Begin's action, Mitterrand is unlikely to waver in his support for the Israeli nation.

In the Third World, the outlook for U.S.-French cooperation is not so bright. Mitterrand rejects the Reagan Administration's rigid East-West approach to Third World problems: developing countries that like the Soviet Union are bad, those that like the U.S. are good. Says Michael Harrison of the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies: "France will not fall into the bipolar world of Washington today." Mitterrand instead tends to view the Third

The Ties That Bind

Chatting in the White House three weeks ago with Claude Cheysson, France's newly appointed Foreign Minister, President Reagan became sympathetic as he talked shop:

Reagan: I know what you must be going through with all those jobs unfilled and no one to turn to in your department.

Cheysson: No, sir, that's not a problem in France.

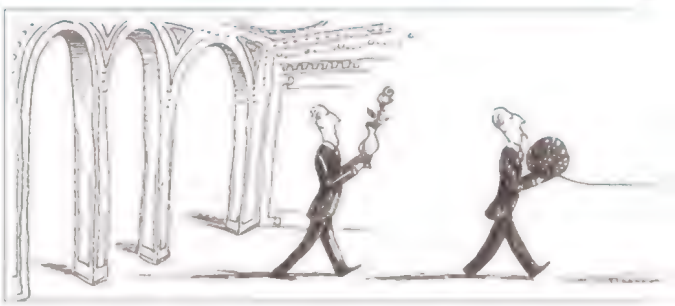
Reagan: What I mean is, you'll want to appoint your own deputies and ambassadors so that you can really be in charge.

Cheysson: No, seriously, Mr. President, it doesn't work that way in France. When I moved into the Quai d'Orsay, all the people were in place, and I just got down to work.

Reagan: Well, you're a lucky man.

The Mitterrand government will, of course, need far more than luck to implement its program of change for French society, but the Cheysson-Reagan exchange illuminates an important fact: so far as France's powerful administrative apparatus is concerned, there is less to the latest government switch than meets the eye. Whoever is running the country politically, bureaucratic power within the French civil service remains guarded by the graduates of a small number of closely knit, government-linked *grandes écoles* (great schools), which also provide manpower for the national political parties, be they of the left, right or center. The bureaucratic system and the elite institutions that feed it are geared to political neutrality. Frenchmen both inside and outside the new Socialist government are now counting on that tradition to provide threads of continuity and stability at a time of political transition.

Even the highest levels of French politics tend to be knotted up in the same school ties. No fewer than eight members of Mitterrand's Socialist Cabinet, for example, are alumni of the vaunted *Ecole Nationale d'Administration* (E.N.A.), which also produced seven members of the outgoing Giscard government —including Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, a top-ranked scholar of the class of '51. Foreign Minister Cheysson (class of '48) is an *enarque*, as products of the elite school are known, who previously held posts with the leftist Fourth Republic government of Pierre Mendès-France, then was Ambassador to Indonesia under Charles de Gaulle, and served as a commissioner of the European Community in the Giscard years. Fellow E.N.A. graduates are Planning Minister Michel Rocard ('58) and Budget Minister Laurent Fabius ('73), among others.



E.N.A., located in St.-Germain-des-Prés, is the newest of the most prestigious *grandes écoles* and currently the most influential. It was created by De Gaulle after World War II specifically to unite civil servants by providing them with a rigorous, state-supervised education, and to build up the bureaucratic self-esteem that was tarnished during the Nazi years. It accepts only 150 students annually. Almost invariably, graduates of E.N.A. are assured of getting top jobs in the civil service. Indeed, so well did De Gaulle's innovation flourish that technocrats like Giscard, Rocard and onetime French Premier Jacques Chirac were finally able to dominate the country's politics.

Others of the *grandes écoles* date back to the French Revolution. The most illustrious is the *Ecole Normale Supérieure*, which was founded in 1794 to "teach morals and shape the hearts of young republicans for the practice of private and public virtue." Only some 400 students a year are accepted. Among its graduates: Louis Pasteur, Jean-Paul Sartre, Georges Pompidou. Prior to World War II the school also produced such socialist luminaries as Jean Jaurès and Léon Blum.

Then there is the *Ecole Polytechnique*, the science and engineering school molded by Napoleon, which accepts about 300 students each year. Graduates are required to spend one year in the military, and while many remain with the armed forces, more skip on to science and business, where they meet other pedigreed products of such other honored schools as the *Ecole des hautes Etudes Commerciales*.

Getting into these gilded institutions is more than half the battle for success in France. American Psychologist Kenneth Keniston characterizes the time spent in special classes preparing for entrance examinations as a "period spent in the mon-

World in so-called North-South terms, stressing the need to redress the inequalities between industrialized powers and undeveloped nations. Failure to do so, he says, "will be one of the causes of the most serious tragedies at the end of the century, to be explicit, of world war."

A second major difference with the Reagan Administration is that Mitterrand is a strong advocate of applying human rights criteria in dealing with evolving countries. The French President has talked, for example, of cutting off arms sales to authoritarian states, regardless of their anti-Communist credentials. He has sided with the Third World against South Africa's apartheid regime at a time when the Reagan Administration is seeking a "constructive" working relationship with Pretoria. He has criticized U.S. policy toward El Salvador and Nicaragua, expressing open sympathy for leftist liberation movements.

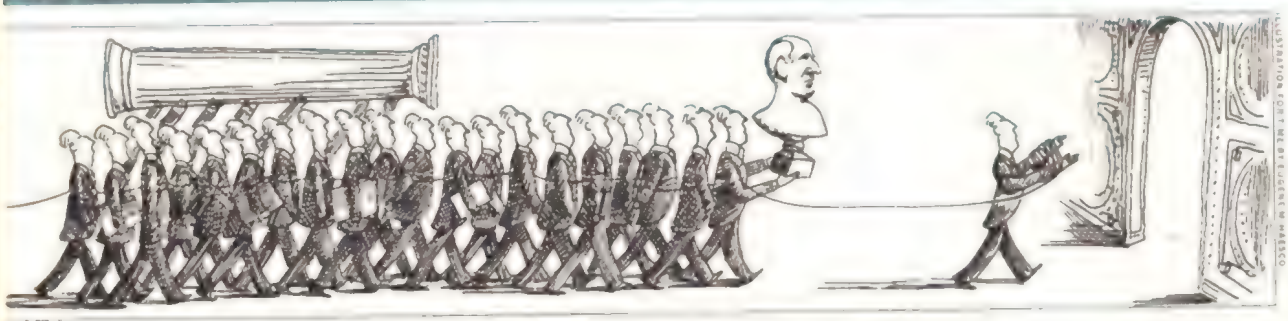
Nor could Washington have drawn any comfort from Mitterrand's appointment of Régis Debray, a onetime supporter of Fidel Castro's revolutionary ambitions in Latin America, as foreign policy adviser. By tacit agreement, these prickly issues were sidestepped in the initial discussions between the Reagan and Mitterrand governments: they are likely to cause future frictions

But it is in the arena of French domestic politics that François Mitterrand's immediate battles must be fought. He enters the fray armed with a formidable power to work his will—which raises the crucial questions of what that will is and how wisely the new President may pursue it. After seven weeks in office, his vagueness on many points veils the future in uncertainty. "We have given a blank check to a man who has always specialized in doublespeak," says Philosopher Jean-Marie Benoist. Warns Philippe Tesson, editor of the independent *Quotidien de Paris:* "The temptation of abuse is born of holding all the power. The Socialists reproached their adversaries for that sufficiently that we may remind them of it today."

Other experts, however, argue that the very magnitude of the Socialists' power will make them more cautious and responsible. Predicts Political Scientist Lancelot: "Instead of having to negotiate compromises that would have blurred responsibilities, the Socialists will be able to take full credit—or blame—for whatever they decide."

A top Mitterrand aide points to the assured longevity of the Socialist majority as guarantee of its judicious leadership. Says he: "It gives the President time to implement his reform at the pace that he chooses. Mitterrand will fulfill all of the commitments he made, but he will do so in a reasonable manner, after having prepared his measures properly and without having to negotiate with other parties."

Perhaps. But it is also possible that in time Mitterrand's large majority will start pulling apart at its ideological seams. On



astery." Each school has its own stiff requirements for an aspiring entrant, which are, says Keniston, "torture and mysterious rites of passage which test his qualifications for membership in the caste of sorcerers. Once they are accepted as full members, the other members will do everything possible to guarantee their success." Family ties also help, but only if the youngster has the brains to stay the *grandes écoles* course. Still, hardly ever do any but the most undeniably gifted of the children of laborers or farmers pass through the institutions. The reason most do not qualify, defenders of the schools would argue, is that their home and school environments simply did not provide them with sufficient education. In fact, in 1977 fully 44% of E.N.A. students were the children of other bureaucrats

Once he graduates, the high-level functionary enters a separate social world. He will have his own preferred clubs (*Polo de Bagatelle, Racing Club de France, Cercle Interallié*) and discussion groups. One of the latter that is likely to rise in popularity is the moderate leftist *Club Jean Moulin*, named for France's great hero of the Resistance, a kind of open forum for discussion of advanced political ideas.

If the official becomes restless at his job, he may practice what the French call *pantouflage* (literally, the act of putting on one's slippers), departing for another post, possibly in the large sector of industry nationalized by De Gaulle after liberation. Or he may decide to enter private industry for a while. Then he may shuttle back to the civil service again.

Because of the commanding role of the state in the French economy, such moves are not viewed as unusual by ordinary businessmen. One consequence of the functionary traffic, says Political Scientist Jean Blondel, author of *The Government of France*, is that "the private sector finds itself intellectually dependent on the civil service," rather than the other way around, as in the U.S.

Thus educated by the state and rewarded by society, French functionaries take their responsibilities seriously indeed. One result is their studied political neutrality. Says Bruno Delaye, a young Socialist who worked in the Ministry of Industry under the Giscard government and now serves Socialist Industry Minister Pierre Joxe: "I was never persecuted under the previous administration, although I could not say what I really thought about certain policies. Now that the Socialists are in power, functionaries who are people of the right will stay in place just as I did before. If some time in the future there is another change of government and the country votes massively for the right, I would accept that vote and work to carry out the policies of that government."

In fact, many younger members of the bureaucratic elite are sympathetic to Socialist policies—even though, in the long run, this may cost them some choice jobs. One of Mitterrand's priorities is to decentralize the bureaucracy, including the replacement of Paris-appointed local prefects in France's 96 departments by elected regional councils. For that task, Mitterrand will need the elite's cooperation, and he will probably get it. Says one E.N.A. official, explaining how graduates feel about working in an area of government that is slated for oblivion: "Their feeling is that there is always something to be learned there, and that the experience will be useful later in getting another post in regional administration." None of them doubt that there will always be jobs. —*By George Russell.*

Reported by Sandra Burton/Paris

The Man Who Gets It Done

"France will be able to love him, because France loves a man of the people. His face, his entire way of being inspires confidence." So said François Mitterrand four years ago of the sturdy (6 ft. 2 in., 202 lbs.), diligent and impeccably tailored Socialist leader Pierre Mauroy, who is now the new President's Premier. If anything, Mitterrand's assessment rings even more true today. While Mitterrand stayed secluded, Mauroy (pronounced Mawr-*wah*) led the party's campaign, winning the confidence of voters with his calm advocacy of socialism and the image of a practical man more interested in solving problems than in spinning utopian visions. Says Mauroy: "To change society, you have to reject the illusion of revolution."

Mauroy, 52, has been equally reassuring as the new regime starts to make good on the Socialists' far-reaching campaign promises. Two weeks ago, he held his first meeting with France's largest employers' association to discuss a 35-hour work week. Mauroy promised the worried businessmen that "the shorter week must not entail an increase in production costs." One Socialist aim is eventually to integrate private schools into the public system. But Mauroy asserts: "There will be no state monopoly in education. We will have an open dialogue with private schools, and they will be free to reject our proposals. There will be no plundering." He has adopted the same conciliatory attitude toward further socialization of French medicine, nationalization of key industries, and other bugbears of nonleftist voters.

HIRES—GAMMA LIAISON

French Premier Mauroy on the hustings

The grandson of a woodcutter and the son of a schoolteacher, Mauroy recalls that "we lived in equality—the equality of penury." He grew up in the working-class village of Haussy, near Lille, in northern France, where the main event of the week was the Sunday parade of the socialists. "At the age of eight," says Mauroy, "I already knew the *Internationale*."

At 22, while attending a teachers' college, he became national secretary of France's socialist youth organization. In 1963, with a dislike of ideological hairsplitting and a talent for creating unity, he became a member of his party's executive board. By then he had also built a power base in the labor unions.

In 1965, seeking a presidential candidate who would draw together all branches of the fractious party, Mauroy and his fellow socialists hit upon Mitterrand, who appeared to Mauroy to be a "man of destiny." But that year Mitterrand was soundly defeated by Charles de Gaulle for the presidency, and a close working relationship between the intellectual and the pragmatist did not form until the Socialists' 1971 reunification congress.

By then, Mauroy was deputy mayor of Lille and leader of the strong northern federation of the party. Mauroy helped make Mitterrand the party's first secretary, and in return, Mitterrand made Mauroy his No. 2. Mauroy was a key negotiator of the "common program" that the Socialists worked out with the Communists in a failed bid for power.

Mauroy's only real moment of friction with Mitterrand came in 1979. Impatient with the Socialists' slowness in breaking the alliance with the Communists, Mauroy, by then the mayor of Lille, briefly promoted Michel Rocard as the party's next presidential nominee. But when Mitterrand announced he would run again, Mauroy loyally swung back into line.

The aloof and enigmatic Mitterrand has long admired Mauroy's practical political skills and seemingly infinite patience. Indeed, Mitterrand has confided to friends on several occasions that "some day Mauroy will end up President of the Republic." Maybe so, but the man who once declared that "socialists cannot in 100 days change the ideology and culture of 100 years of capitalism" has plenty of work to do for his comrade-in-arms right now.

the Socialist far left lies the Marxist group known acronymically as CERES, which is led by Research Minister Jean-Pierre Chevenement and Industry Minister Pierre Joxe. This is the faction responsible for the smattering of knee-jerk class struggle and anticapitalist rhetoric that found its way into the official Socialist platform. At the other extreme are Premier Mauroy, Delors and Planning and Regional Development Minister Michel Rocard, all moderate Social Democrats. In the middle is Mitterrand, whose outstanding skill through all the years of opposition has been his ability to reconcile these different currents. The Socialists will stay in power, of course, squabble as they may, but their differences will weaken Mitterrand—if he allows them to get out of hand.

Another question mark hanging over the new government's future is the ultimate role of the Communists. Despite their parliamentary weakness, they still control the nation's largest trade union, the General Confederation of Labor (C.G.T.). Some of Mitterrand's supporters argue that his overwhelming victory gives him the freedom to name a few Communist ministers without appearing to be beholden to them. According to this theory, giving the Communists one or two minor ministries would guarantee labor peace and make it awkward for them to criticize Mitterrand's policies.

The opposing argument is that such a move would inevitably be misinterpreted abroad, to France's detriment. Most worrisome are the reactions of the U.S., West Germany and staunchly anti-Communist Arab countries like Saudi Arabia, which provides one-third of France's oil imports and is a major customer for French arms. King Khalid, in fact, is reported to have expressed concern over a possible Communist Cabinet role, while lunching at the Elysée two weeks ago. Aides to Helmut Schmidt hint that the Chancellor will drive the same message home to Mitterrand when the two meet in Luxembourg this week. In spite of such pressures, some Mitterrand-watchers predict that he will bring a few Communists into the government, if only to satisfy his longstanding ambition to "unify France's left."

Whether he does so or not, there is little doubt that François Mitterrand will be the real power in France until at least 1986. It is on the basis of his own acts, and not his ideology, that he will be judged. Addressing a word of advice to Americans, L.S.E.'s Dahrendorf cautions: "Don't think that because it is a Socialist government, it must pursue policies unacceptable to the U.S. Hold off and see what they do in practice. If you do that, you may end up finding Mitterrand's France easy to live with." And so might the French people who elected him. *—By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by William Blaylock and Henry Muller/Paris*

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An Interview with Claude Cheysson

"We are new boys. We can say that the king is naked."

A professional diplomat with some 30 years of experience abroad, including long stints in France's former colonies and eight years as a member of the Brussels-based European Commission, Claude Cheysson, 61, is expected to have a strong hand not only in explaining but in shaping Mitterrand's foreign policy. Cheysson took an hour last week to outline his views to TIME *Correspondents Henry Muller and Jordan Bonfante. Excerpts:*

On differences with Giscard's foreign policy: We shall certainly be much clearer in our statements of foreign policy than the previous government. There won't be double language about those countries that we criticize but with which we are so anxious to do business. Look at what just happened with that research reactor in Iraq. I am convinced that the reactor in itself was not dangerous. But the lack of clarity on nuclear policy may have led to some suspicion. If we had been much clearer on our policies with regard to the supply of nuclear equipment to Iraq, maybe such unjustified suspicion would not have existed.

On the Atlantic Alliance: It is the basis of our foreign policy. Not only because we are committed to it but also because we stand for the basic principles that protect man and the humanistic development of the kind of society in which we believe. It's the way to oppose any totalitarian progress. With that goes a defense commitment. We are not members of [the military structure of] NATO. We do not intend to change the former policies. We are not going to be a part of the integrated NATO system. But we'll keep on building and modernizing our defense forces, in particular our independent deterrent [nuclear] power.

On the Soviet missile threat in Europe: For us the very rapid installation of SS-20 missiles on the Russian side means a change in the balance. That we cannot accept; that we should not accept. We feel there should be negotiations as soon as possible, not to freeze but to reduce that additional power that has been built up. And we are afraid, since negotiations cannot take place immediately, we must be in a position to counter that [Soviet build-up]. By we, I mean NATO and mostly the Americans with their Euromissiles.

On the appeal of Communism. Traveling in the Third World, I wonder if in eight years I have met ten people who really believe that the Communist structure was

the best one for their development. That is a fantastic change from the years after the war.

On the effects of possibly having Communist ministers in the Cabinet: If our allies tell us something about it, we shall answer, "It's none of your business." That must be very clear. But the fact that they have fear concerns us, of course. It would be an important question if we were dependent on the Communists for a majority. Then they would be in a position to —blackmail may be too strong a word —but to put pressure on us. If we have the absolute majority [in parliament]. Communists in or out make no difference.

On improving relations with the Third World: For part of the new American Administration, this is marginal. That is not our opinion. We need to have secure, promising relations with the Third World. We depend on them much more than you do.

On U.S. policy in Latin America: There will be cases where there will be differences because you will be tempted to jump to the conclusion that because a country has relations with Cuba, or because its Prime Minister has a beard and dresses in a funny paratrooper commando uniform, we should not be on speaking terms with them. We don't accept that. That is much too simple.

On his view of Israel following the raid against Iraq's nuclear reactor: We are proud to be the friends of Israel. We shall do everything we can to help Israel to live in peace within the borders recognized by the international community. This cannot be affected by one act. But that act—which also killed a Frenchman —was against international law. Israel must be in a position to live one day with open borders, with normal cooperation with its neighbors. The more such acts occur, the more difficult it will be to progress along such lines.

On the Palestinians: We also support the rights of the Palestinian people. In history each time the rights of a people have been ignored, there has been rebellion after rebellion—and no peace. We are guilty in a way because we felt in 1948 that if we could give a decent life to Palestinians in refugee camps, that would be the answer. This was a most shortsighted perspective.

On U.S. policy in the Middle East: Your involvement in the peace process is vital. For example, if it had not been for the Habib mission, there would probably now be an open conflict between Syria and Israel. Camp David is a fact. And Camp David was progress. You see, we are new boys. We can say a number of things that are obvious but that could not be said by those who have been in the picture for so long. We can say that the king is naked. We can say Camp David is progress.

On the importance of human rights in foreign policy: For us the fundamental principles, the rights of man and the rights of the people will be our rule. It's difficult to stick to great principles, but we shall. Take Poland. What is happening in Poland is fantastic. It is one of the great hopes, born from the determination of a few men, that we respect deeply. Therefore you won't hear a word of criticism from us against the regime. One must not lose sight of the most important fact, which for Poland is the possibility for those people to express themselves more freely. Of course, we could go and stoke the fire and find that there are still people in jail who should immediately be liberated. What is happening in Poland on the whole is far more important. Yes, we will be inspired by human rights. But not in a kind of neurotic manner bearing on every individual. We are not Amnesty International [an organization dedicated to fighting for human rights and for the release of political prisoners]. We are very pleased that there is indeed an Amnesty International, but we are not Amnesty International. ■

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MIDDLE EAST

A Harsh Rebuke for Israel

The U.S. backs a U.N. resolution criticizing its ally

When the time came, she raised her hand so tentatively that for a moment there was some doubt in the chamber as to how she was going to vote. But Jeane Kirkpatrick, the U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, did indeed vote yes last week, thereby joining in one of the harshest United Nations rebukes of Israel that the U.S. had ever supported.

Kirkpatrick's hesitancy in the Security Council reflected the ambivalent approach of the Reagan Administration toward the problem of censuring Israel for the bombing raid on Iraq's Tammuz nuclear reactor. Eloquently recalling the "strength of U.S. ties and commitment to Israel and the warmth of our feelings," Kirkpatrick admitted that the draft was "not a perfect resolution." But she added that Washington had been "shocked" by the Israelis' launching a raid before peaceful approaches had been exhausted. Replied Israeli Ambassador Yehuda Blum: "Israel unreservedly rejects the biased and one-sided resolution just adopted by the council." Then he added with heavy sarcasm, "Israel will treat this resolution with the respect it so richly deserves."

The wording of the resolution had been personally hammered out by Kirkpatrick and Iraqi Foreign Minister Saadoun Hammadi during three days of intense negotiations. Iraq had wanted to include a call for sanctions against Israel, but the U.S. made it clear that it would use its veto if they were mentioned. Instead, the approved resolution "strongly condemns" Israel for its raid on the reactor and urges it to pay damages to Iraq, which was "entitled to appropriate redress for the destruction it has suffered." There is nothing that could compel Israel to make such restitution, however, and Blum had already told the council that his government would not pay Iraq "a brass farthing" for destroying the reactor.

The resolution also in effect rejected Israel's rationale that it had destroyed the reactor because the government had learned that the Iraqis were about to use it to make atomic bombs to attack Israel. The text pointed out that Iraq had accepted the International Atomic Energy Agency's inspection safeguards and urged Israel to open its own nuclear facilities to IAEA inspectors. Unlike Iraq, Israel has not signed the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, which would require it to allow visits by the IAEA. Israel argues that the treaty is meaningless unless peace is established in the Middle East and fears that the international inspectors could acquire a dangerous degree of access to key security areas.

In the aftermath of the Israeli raid, U.S. policy became a high-wire act aimed on the one hand at preserving the U.S. position with moderate Arab countries and on the other hand at demonstrating both displeasure with and support for Israel. "Making the best we could of a terrible situation," as a senior White House official put it, Washington agreed to the strong language in the U.N. resolution to placate Arab anger. Said the official: "We worked very, very hard on the wording of this resolution in order to maintain a dialogue and our credibility with the moderate Arabs. We also wanted to recognize that we have interests in the Middle East that go beyond Israel."

But neither the Administration nor Congress was prepared for a showdown with Israel. At his press conference three days before the U.N. vote, President Reagan was careful to appear to justify the bombing of the Iraqi reactor by saying that the Israelis "might have sincerely believed it was a defensive move." Senator Charles Percy, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, summed up the general congressional reaction by noting, "I don't think Congress would ever cut Israel off and leave it to the tender mercies of its adversaries in the Middle East."

U.S. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick (far right) voting at the U.N. to condemn Israel

Carefully walking a tightrope to make "the best we could of a terrible situation."

Meanwhile Administration officials continued to refute Israeli claims that Iraq was achieving the capability to build nuclear bombs. Under Secretary for Political Affairs Walter Stoessel told the House Foreign Affairs Committee hearing that the U.S. had been "concerned" about Iraq's nuclear program. But, he insisted, "we have not made any definitive conclusions that they were aiming for a nuclear weapons capability." State Department Counselor Robert McFarlane coolly told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that Israel's attack on Iraq had "shattered this country's trust and confidence" in its ally. Some members of Congress insisted that CIA intelligence reports had indicated that the Iraqis were indeed planning to build nuclear weapons. The Administration went to considerable pains to differ with the CIA finding.

The Administration's position that there was no proof the Iraqis intended to build a bomb is supported by a former top State Department official in the Carter Administration. Said he: "While some aspects of the Iraqi program seemed to go beyond peaceful purposes that might ultimately lead to weapons production, that was not our appraisal."

The raid story took yet another bizarre twist when the Washington *Post* reported that last October two Israeli engineers had visited facilities of the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission in Washington and asked about the sort of damage 2,200-lb. bombs could inflict on a reactor. (The Baghdad reactor was destroyed by such bombs.) A subsequent NRC memorandum reportedly noted that "it was unclear whether the Israelis were interested in defending their own plants or destroying someone else's." Israeli officials last week dismissed the visit as "routine."

Beyond the immediate fallout from the attack on Israeli-U.S. relations, the Administration was concerned about the consequent heightening of tensions throughout the Middle East. The Israeli strike immensely complicated, and may have destroyed, any hope that Philip Habib, Reagan's special Middle East envoy, could find a solution to the crisis over Syria's antiaircraft missiles in Lebanon. Last week Habib continued his round-robin shuttle, conferring first with Saudi officials in Riyadh, then with Syrian President Hafez Assad in Damascus, next with Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin in Jerusalem and at week's end with the Saudis again. As usual, Habib was tight-lipped about his negotiations, but Begin announced that Israel was determined to destroy the missiles if diplomacy did not remove them, and he warned pointedly that he would not wait forever. One of the most serious effects of the raid on the reactor appeared to be on Saudi efforts to fashion an Arab initiative to ease Lebanese ten-

sions. Last week the Saudis dismissed Habib's mission as "irrelevant" and castigated the U.S. for its support for Israel.

As other Arab leaders closed ranks, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat found himself once again dangerously isolated because of his continuing support of the peace talks with Israel. So outraged was the Egyptian parliament by the raid that it might have demanded that the entire Egyptian-Israeli dialogue be reconsidered if Sadat aides had not intervened to cool off the members of his own party. Egyptian officials, moreover, expressed concern that the U.S.'s own credibility in the Middle East was at stake and urged Washington to take a decisive stand for the sake of its interests in the region.

Likud's Menachem Begin

Labor's Shimon Peres

Charges of "sabotage" and "fascism," bullyboy tactics and fire bombings

In Israel itself, the raid had become an inflammatory issue in the already bitter campaign for the national elections on June 30. Ever since his first press conference after the raid, Begin had been a fount of information—and astonishing misinformation. Even the chief of MOSSAD, Israel's intelligence agency, felt constrained to lament the "devil's dance of public statements and counterstatements." Begin incorrectly said that there was a secret chamber for making bombs beneath the reactor, falsely quoted a Baghdad newspaper to the effect that the reactor was to be used "against the Zionist enemy," and claimed that the reactor would soon become operational, a view contradicted even by some senior Israeli military officials.

When Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres condemned the raid, arguing that quiet diplomacy might have obviated the need for it, Begin lashed out with a vengeance. Said he: "I hate, with a mortal hatred, the word 'treason.' But there is something of sabotage in the statements of Israel's Labor Party." Then Begin went on to approvingly quote a Knesset ally who said that Peres "had stuck a knife in the nation's back."

Some of Begin's more extreme supporters, who have taken to referring to their leader as a "messiah," responded with an assortment of bullyboy tactics. They disrupted Peres rallies by drowning out his speeches, rolling a can of burning garbage into the crowd, throwing tomatoes at his car and trashing one Labor Party office and fire-bombing another.

Peres responded with some harsh words of his own, calling Begin "a danger to democracy" and implying analogies between "Beginism" and "fascism," a word with particularly bitter connotations in Israel. Said Peres: "He wants to set up a regime that will have us all afraid." After Labor began running campaign films of the violence, spliced with Begin's inflammatory rhetoric, the Prime Minister asked his supporters to abandon such disruptive tactics at political rallies.

As the election neared, it appeared that Begin's hard-line strategy of recent weeks was going down well in Israel. Polls last January showed his Likud coalition trailing far behind, with Labor in reach of obtaining an absolute majority in the Knesset. But in a poll taken just before the raid, Likud pulled ahead of Labor, 38% to 33%, and Menachem Begin appeared to be within reach of another four-year term. *—By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by David Aikman/Jerusalem and Louis Halasz at the United Nations, with other bureaus*

Could Iraq Have Cheated?

American officials were not alone last week in expressing doubts that Iraq could have produced materials for nuclear weapons within months of activating the 70-MW Tammuz reactor. That crucial Israeli contention did get some support, but also a lot more detailed criticism, from an impressive array of international nuclear scientists and Western government officials.

In Vienna, International Atomic Energy Agency Director-General Sigvard Eklund, whose agency was responsible for monitoring the installation, declared that IAEA's inspections made it all but impossible for Iraqi technicians to carry out secret activities. Eklund asserted that any such effort "would be detected with very high probability" by IAEA inspectors or French technicians on the site.

Eklund's view that IAEA inspectors could discover nuclear chicanery was disputed in testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee by Roger Richter, an American married to an Israeli, who resigned last week as an inspector for the international agency. Richter, who had been assigned to cover the area including Iraq but had never personally inspected the Tammuz reactor, said that the Iraqis could have concealed bombmaking efforts during IAEA inspection visits. Richter also said he believed the Iraqis wanted to make bombs within five years.

Richter's statement contradicted Eklund, but failed to explain how the Iraqis could fool the French technicians constantly on the scene. Last week the French government disclosed a secret agreement with Iraq for keeping French personnel at the reactor site until 1989. Michel Pecqueur, head of the French Atomic Energy Commission, insisted that the continued French presence would make it "impossible" for Iraq to stockpile the material to manufacture atomic weapons. If the Iraqis did try to cheat, he said, France would have cut off further supplies of enriched uranium. Pecqueur granted that a "significant quantity" of plutonium could be obtained by irradiating uranium in the reactor, then extracting it in the Italian-built "hot cell," a laboratory designed for handling radioactive materials. But he maintained that the process, difficult for Iraqi technicians, would be easy to detect, especially since sealed, French-installed cameras would be monitoring the complex.

In the face of these claims, Israeli officials still adamantly asserted that Iraq had planned to build bombs. The main evidence: Baghdad's insistence on being supplied with weapons-grade uranium and the existence of the Italian hot-cell lab capable of extracting plutonium. But Umberto Colombo, chairman of the Italian Nuclear Energy Commission, said last week that producing plutonium in tangible amounts would require extra equipment and technology. Said he: "It is absolutely impossible for these facilities we are supplying to be used to make plutonium for bombs."

Technically, there is little doubt among experts that the Tammuz reactor, with modifications, could have produced bomb-grade plutonium. But the burden of proof that Iraq planned to do so still rested squarely on the Israelis.

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ISRAEL

Commemorating the Holocaust

Amid memories of mass murder, a celebration of life

Most of the 4,000 men and women from 23 countries boarding planes bound for Israel carried an oddly shaped parcel. As airport security guards soon discovered, the packages contained rocks, some as small as a fist, some the size of a tombstone, all inscribed with the names of victims of Hitler's massacre of European Jewry. The passengers were Holocaust survivors and their children, headed for an unprecedented four-day meeting in Jerusalem, where their stones will be used to build a memorial for the 6 million Jews who died at the hands of the Nazis. Explained Auschwitz Survivor Ernest Michel, 54, who organized the gathering: "Since the victims have no graves where we can mourn them, we have brought to Israel pieces of rock from all over the world, so that our children, and theirs too, can have a place to mourn."

Rabbi Rubin Dobin, 65, from Miami, the national chairman of the American Anti-Nazi Association, who lost 85 relatives in the Holocaust, brought two stones. "One is for the 6 million, and one is for a memorial to the 5 million non-Jews who were killed," he said. "The Holocaust was a Jewish sorrow, but Jewish sorrow is enveloped in world sorrow."

The meeting opened on a note of scarcely tolerable grief as the participants huddled in the vast plaza of Yad Vashem, the Jerusalem documentation center dedicated to Holocaust victims. In tears, they watched a sound-and-light show of the German conquest of Europe and of the eventual liberation, the sound track hammering home the pounding of Luftwaffe bombs. Whipped by a cold wind, the survivors broke into songs like *I Believe*, sung by their relatives on the way to the gas chambers. The group then recited the *Kaddish*, the Jewish prayer for the dead.

Still, the gathering was also intended as a celebration. Michel, a New York executive for the United Jewish Appeal (though the organization did not sponsor the Jerusalem meeting), recalled that while in Auschwitz he and some other inmates had conceived the idea of a survivors' meeting after a fellow prisoner suggested that if they came out alive they might some day meet as free men. "We all laughed," Michel recalled. "But the idea stayed with those of us who made it." In Jerusalem, he tracked down three acquaintances from Auschwitz. When Julius Paltiel from Trondheim, Norway, threw his arms around Michel, the American said, "You see, we made it!" To criticism by some survivors who stayed home that the gathering would revive traumatic memories, Michel replied, "We are meeting because we want to see and touch each other again. We want to celebrate our survival and the survival of the Jewish people."

Many had come to Jerusalem in the hope of locating relatives and friends who had disappeared under the Nazis. Long queues waited to use a computer programmed with the names, home towns, countries and concentration camps of known survivors. While some peered intently into the eight monitor screens looking for names, others searched by walking around with large placards. Paul Berkowitz, a smiling twelve-year-old from Santa Maria, Calif., accompanied by his family, held up a sign with his father Sam's home town, Krzepice, in Poland. Sam Berkowitz's parents and his aunts and uncles were lost during the war. Said his wife Ann: "On our way to Israel we stopped in Krzepice and found no one. We're hoping so badly we can find someone here."

Other survivors wore T shirts with imprints of names, towns and camps. Among them was Jolan Deitch, 59, a Los Angeles housewife who lost her first husband, Herman Hornstein, in Auschwitz. Their daughter Erica, an office manager for a Los Angeles computer firm, wore a red-and-white shirt bearing the names of her mother's closest relatives. When Mrs. Deitch waited in line to consult the computer, another survivor complained that she would take up too much time with so many names to look up. Replied Mrs. Deitch, in tears: "It is better for you that your list isn't so long." Ultimately, she found a cousin who now lives in Miami.

The meeting was deliberately planned for the 36th year after World War II because the number 36 in Hebrew tradition symbolizes renewal of life. Despite the passage of time, many of the participants were still unable to accept the death of loved ones. Esther Kozminski of Beverly Hills, Calif., said that she had come to Jerusalem "to find my sister, a cute little blond of 14 when I last saw her. I have the right to know whether she is dead or alive." Kozminski was unsuccessful, but did encounter a friend from the Lodz ghetto in Poland.

The need to testify to the tragedy was strong. Visitors had been asked for tapes recording their experiences, and interviewers in four "oral history" booths worked nonstop taping individual tales of the Holocaust. An entire day was taken up by meetings of the 600 children of survivors who had come along. One was Menachem Rosensaft, 33, a New York lawyer who was born in a displaced-person camp at Bergen-Belsen, "a few hundred yards from the mass grave where Anne Frank was buried." Rosensaft is a leader of a second-generation survivor group: "We want to fight anti-Semitism, to do something. The last time people burned synagogues no one did anything."

A primary concern of the participants was the growing number of books, pamphlets and articles that have appeared in the U.S. and Europe attempting to show that there never was a Holocaust. The most notorious example: *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century* by Arthur R. Butz, an electronics engineering professor from Northwestern University. Said European Parliament President Simone Veil, an Auschwitz survivor: "We are fighting the possibility of a second Holocaust. Already there are people denying that a Holocaust took place, but we are the witnesses and we will make our voices heard."

The closing ceremony took place at Judaism's holiest shrine, the Wailing Wall. There, the 4,000 from abroad were joined by an equal number of Israelis. As 6,000 candles flickered—each representing a thousand Jewish victims—Prime Minister Menachem Begin made an impassioned Zionist plea to the visitors to "come and bring your children to Israel." With that, the survivors dispersed, singing the Israeli national anthem, *Hatikvah*—The Hope. —***By Patricia Blake. Reported by Marlin Levin/Jerusalem***

Survivors and kin light some of 6,000 candles in ceremonies near Jerusalem's Wailing Wall

"The Holocaust was a Jewish sorrow, but Jewish sorrow is enveloped in world sorrow."

Muslim demonstrators march in the streets of Tehran chanting, "Death to the second Shah!"

IRAN

Mullah Power

Ganging up on Banisadr

They were howling in the streets of Tehran in January 1980, during the revolution that placed him in office, and last week the mobs were on the march again. This time, however, President Abolhassan Banisadr was the target of their wrath. While demonstrators cried, "Death to the second Shah!" the Iranian parliament, dominated by Muslim fundamentalists, voted by an overwhelming majority to impeach Banisadr for "incompetence." His fate is now up to the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini. Meanwhile, as his own supporters met the mobs in bloody combat, Banisadr dropped out of sight, and border and airport police were on the alert to prevent him from fleeing.

The attack on Banisadr marked a new stage in the mullahs' campaign to crush moderate opposition. By exploiting their control of the cabinet, parliament and the judiciary, the mullahs had been chipping away at Banisadr's sources of power. They succeeded in shutting down his newspaper, ousting his sympathizers from government posts and finally getting him dismissed two weeks ago as commander in chief of the armed forces. The owlish, 48-year-old economist had launched a belated bid to shore up his presidency by soliciting support from generals who applauded his frequent front-line tours in the war with Iraq. But the military, wary of the risks of political involvement, chose to remain neutral.

Banisadr

Banisadr's special ties with the army hardened the suspicions of his fundamentalist foes, who already distrusted his "Western ideas," gleaned during his 16 years of exile in Paris. They convinced Khomeini that such close bonds between the President and the military could lead to a counterrevolutionary coup. Vowing that he would "cut everybody's hands off" who threatened Islam, Khomeini fired Banisadr as commander in chief. He then issued a stern warning to military officers: "Politics in the army is worse than heroin. It destroys the army from inside."

Khomeini suggested that Banisadr could retain the presidency if he apologized for urging the country to "resist the dictatorship" of Islamic hard-liners. "I am sorry that [he and his supporters] have dug their own graves," Khomeini told clergymen massed near his home in north Tehran. "I did not want it to happen this way. I want them now to say that they have been wrong so far in inviting people to revolt." Banisadr's reply, though respectful, fell short of contrition. "However angry you are, my honesty toward you will not be diminished. I think your treatment of me is not fair. I have not had a bad thought toward you and the country."

In part, Banisadr had himself to blame for his fall from power. Elected President in January 1980 with 75% of the vote, he failed to mobilize a political base among his disparate backers that could match the ruthless efficiency of the mullahs' Islamic Republican Party. He confused supporters by exhorting them to battle against fanatical clergy while simultaneously displaying unflinching fealty to Khomeini. Banisadr's hope was to forge a loose alliance linking the armed forces, intellectuals and some 100,000 urban guerrillas known as the Mujahedin-e Khalq (People's Crusaders), a socialist Islamic faction disaffected with the rigid fundamentalists. But the main problem, scoffs an embittered Iranian civil servant, is that "the linchpin of this unachieved coalition, Banisadr himself, is made of jelly." With the moderates apparently swept from power and the military preoccupied with a possible Iraqi offensive, Iran's mullahs now need only eliminate subversive opposition from the left to fulfill their dream of turning Iran into a theocratic Muslim state. ■

IRELAND

A House Divided

Election without a decision

When Ireland's parliamentary election campaign opened a month ago, Prime Minister Charles Haughey and his Fianna Fáil (Band of Destiny) party seemed invincible. The polls showed them comfortably ahead of their opponents: Haughey, 55, had sprinted into the lead like an Irish steeplechaser in a field of Clydesdales. But then the jumps got higher. Undercut by the tensions in Northern Ireland and voter discontent over inflation (21%) and unemployment (11%), Haughey saw his lead evaporate. A strong finish by the opposition Fine Gael (Family of the Irish) party, headed by former Foreign Minister Garret Fitzgerald, 54, turned the contest into Ireland's closest election in 20 years. Result: an inconclusive draw with every prospect of a prolonged crisis as each of the contenders tries to form a new government.

After last week's opening round of bargaining to piece together a coalition, Fitzgerald seemed to have a slight edge. Haughey and Fianna Fáil had won 78 of the 166 seats in the new Dáil (parliament), compared with Fine Gael's 65. The balance of power lay with the small Labor Party (15 seats), whose new leader, Michael O'Leary, 45, showed a marked distaste for the outgoing Haughey government. It would be "very remarkable indeed," O'Leary said, if his party linked up with Fianna Fáil. On the other hand, a Fine Gael–Labor coalition is not certain. Haughey had no choice but to seek allies among the six sitting independents, a disparate group ranging from Socialists on the left to Fianna Fáil dropouts on the right. He was given little chance of success.

Haughey

Still, the most worrisome problem stems from two Dáil seats that will remain empty. Their would-be occupants, I.R.A. Militants Paddy Agnew and Kieran Doherty, both 26, are on a hunger strike in Northern Ireland's Maze Prison. The election cast a shadow over Anglo-Irish relations, particularly since both countries have been seeking ways to work toward a settlement in Ulster. The Agnew-Doherty issue could draw the Republic deeper into Northern Ireland's sectarian strife. Dublin had managed to keep its distance from the furor that followed the death of Bobby Sands, a member of the British Parliament, last month. I.R.A. strategists intend to deny that luxury in the future. Said one: "Will the Irish parliament remain silent, as the British one did, when one of its members dies on a hunger strike?" ■

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PHILIPPINES

Blighted Win

Nobody was there to beat

It was the first presidential election in twelve years, but for most Filipinos the event had an air of unreality. From the beginning there had never been any question about who the winner would be: Ferdinand Marcos, 63, head of state through two elected terms and more than eight years of martial-law rule. After running against only token opposition, Marcos claimed victory last week, with 87% of the vote. The only issue: how many Filipinos had defied a compulsory-voting law by heeding an opposition call for a boycott of the election. Marcos said that 82% of the 25.8 million registered voters had gone to the polls, but two relatively small surveys by foreign news organizations indicated a considerably lower turnout.

In their strenuous efforts to ensure heavy voter participation and thereby give the regime a popular mandate, the Marcos forces had warned Filipinos that if they flouted the electoral law—as nearly 4 million voters did in a national plebiscite last April—they faced up to six months' imprisonment. A week before the election, the warnings were reinforced by television films of two men who had been jailed for failing to vote in April. First Lady Imelda Marcos tried to lure Filipinos to the polls by hinting that amnesty might be granted to April boycotters if they voted this time. In the campaign's closing days, President Marcos even invoked possible religious sanctions, citing a 1948 statement by Pope Pius XII that it was "a grave sin, a mortal offense" not to vote. That provoked a sharp rejoinder from the Catholic Bishops' Conference of the Philippines that Marcos had taken the Pontiff's remarks out of context.*

Marcos' venture into the realm of the Roman Catholic Church was enough to rouse Jaime Cardinal Sin, 52, the Philippines' leading prelate. From his hospital bed, where he was recovering from major surgery, he issued a pastoral letter assuring Catholics, who constitute 85% of the electorate, that they need not feel morally obligated to vote if their consciences dictated otherwise. Echoing the opposition's boycott plea, Sin spoke of a hypothetical voter who "is convinced that the election process is manipulated to produce predetermined results," and he declared that "the state is bound to respect and not impede the free exercise" of conscience. The letter was distributed in every Catholic church in Manila on the Sunday before the vote; copies, hastily duplicated by the opposition, were handed out by nuns in stores and supermarkets. It was the biggest boost of the entire campaign for the proboycott forces.

While the opposition failed in its effort to persuade half of the voters not to go to the polls, at least one out of three apparently did join the boycott. A selective survey, conducted by TIME and two other news organizations, of six polling places in the Manila area and seven in the provinces found an average turnout of 63%; a similar poll in and around Manila by the Japanese news agency Jiji counted 64.2%. Both figures were considerably below the 82% claimed by Marcos.

Still, the President's mandate was substantial enough to leave him indisputably the Philippines' dominant political figure. U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, in Manila to attend a meeting of Southeast Asian foreign ministers, handed Marcos a letter from President Ronald Reagan, who warmly congratulated the Philippine leader and promised that no less a dignitary than Vice President George Bush would represent the U.S. at the inaugural next week, reflecting "the high value my Administration places on its relations with the Philippines."

Armed with his new mandate, Marcos announced on election day that he wants to open a dialogue with his opponents, including those in exile, seeking "not only reunification but reconciliation." He has made such offers before, but opposition leaders have rebuffed him, concluding that the President neither needed nor wanted to share power. Now, with Marcos feeling assured of another six years in power, some of his political foes may be ready to make a deal. Others still vow never to collaborate. One prominent opposition leader ruled himself out of any accommodation last week and tersely summed up his strategy: "We're going to destabilize the s.o.b." ■

President Marcos casting ballot in Batac

Some opponents want him "destabilized."

*Concerned that the Communists might win the 1948 Italian parliamentary elections, Pius told Italy's Catholics that they had a duty to support candidates who would safeguard "the rights and laws of God and Christian moral doctrine."

INDIA

Helping Mummy

New face, familiar family

His brother Sanjay would have favored a big celebration, but Rajiv Gandhi, 36, is more modest. The hurrahs were subdued last week after the eldest son of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi—and the grandson of Jawaharlal Nehru—won a landslide by-election victory and captured the parliamentary seat vacated as a result of Sanjay's death last June. Wearing the white homespun *kurta*-pajama favored by Indian politicians, Rajiv met simply with a few friends and reporters at his mother's house, where he lives.

No one had doubted that the newest Gandhi to enter politics would win, even though he was less than scintillating on the hustings. Mother's help in the campaign was enough. Still, Rajiv insisted that nepotism would not take him to the top—at least not instantly. "There is no question of my accepting any party post or ministerial office right now," he said. "I am only one month old in politics."

Rajiv Gandhi

Rajiv, a Boeing 737 pilot for Indian Airlines until last month, understates his potential influence. Since Sanjay, then 33, died in the crash of a stunt plane, Rajiv has been, as he puts it, "helping Mummy" as an unofficial assistant. As the closest of all advisers to Indira, he could easily follow Sanjay's path to become the second most influential person in India.

Although the abrasive Sanjay frequently outraged New Delhi powerbrokers with his highhanded ways, he carried out a serious task for his mother: he kept the volatile Congress Party in line. Since his death, dissent has begun to bubble in party ranks. Rajiv, at least outwardly, seems less adapted to playing pointman for his mother, but he starts his new career with two big advantages: by the corrupt standards of Indian political life, he is Mr. Clean, and Congress Party members will not dare challenge his authority if they want to remain on the good side of Indira Gandhi.

The task the Prime Minister and her newest adviser face is immense. Although Indira claims to be as popular as ever, she has yet to provide the "government that works" as she had promised when she was re-elected 18 months ago. India's economy is plagued by poor industrial production, a debilitating balance of payments owing to oil costs, and 15% inflation. In the long run, these problems may fall more to Rajiv than his mother. Few doubt that he is being groomed as her successor and that his switch from a pilot's seat to one in Parliament foreshadows bigger things. ■

The Telling of the Pentagon

In a five-hour documentary, CBS incisively probes U.S. defense

The picture that will remain longest in most viewers' minds will doubtless be the simulation of a 15-megaton thermonuclear fireball devastating Omaha. The $87,000 worth of special effects lavished on that sequence conveyed as much vivid horror as any megabucks sci-fi movie. But it would be a pity if that memory distracted attention from other merits of the CBS News series *The Defense of the United States*, which aired for an hour on each of five successive nights last week. Complex issues, like that of high-technology vs. simpler weapons, usually the preserve of scholarly tomes, were tackled head-on and in prime time. The series was not only the longest and most expensive network documentary ever but perhaps the most thoughtful and incisive TV examination of the American military as well.

CBS NEWS

The start of the simulation of a 15-megaton nuclear fireball devastating Omaha

A head-on tackling of complicated issues rarely aired on TV—much less in prime time

Putting the documentary together cost roughly $1 million and took nine months. Executive Producer Howard Stringer at one point or another brought in some 80 CBS News people. Camera crews roamed from the Egyptian desert to Moscow; correspondents interviewed everyone from Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger to a raw recruit getting his flowing locks shorn into a G.I. cut (asked why he had joined the Army, he replied laconically, "Can't find no jobs"). Walter Cronkite, in his first reportorial appearance since retiring as anchorman of the CBS *Evening News*, journeyed to Moscow and brought back some Soviet TV footage never before seen in the U.S. One sequence depicted draftsmen, incongruously garbed in what looked like chefs' aprons and hats, drawing up what appeared to be missile blueprints (the Soviets refused to specify what was going on) while a piano boomed classical music in the background.

Visually, the series was nearly always interesting, from its pictures of U.S. officeworkers wearing gas masks and rubber gloves while pecking away at typewriters during a chemical-warfare exercise to a shot of a live American MIRV (three nuclear warheads mounted on the nose cone of a Minuteman III missile). Understated ironies abounded. A fresh-faced American missileman exclaimed with Boy Scout enthusiasm that his task of getting ready to launch a Minuteman at a Soviet target gave him "more responsibility than I could obtain in a civilian world." Commenting on film showing a C-5A cargo plane losing a wheel during a landing, a Lockheed official remarked, "With respect to the wheel coming off, I don't like that."

Most striking was the consistent intelligence of the commentary by six on-camera reporters, headed by Dan Rather. After the series opened with a bang over Omaha, illustrating the horrors of even a "limited" use of strategic nuclear weapons, Part 2 examined U.S. and Soviet preparations for tactical nuclear war in Europe and questioned whether the resulting devastation would allow the word victory to retain any meaning. The third segment explored manpower and readiness issues, ranging from the low retention rate of Navy petty officers to the reinstitution of the draft (favored by many training officers although opposed by the Administration); it also made a plea for increased spending on spare parts and realistic training to enhance the flashy weapons. The fourth followed the metamorphosis of the Navy's F-18A Hornet from a $5 million fighter into a $30 million, all-purpose plane and questioned whether the military would not be better off with less complex, more reliable weapons that could be turned out faster in much larger quantities. In the last hour, Cronkite tried to tot up the strengths and weaknesses of the U.S.S.R.

There were some disappointments. CBS could not get interviews with any of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, and former President Jimmy Carter canceled an appointment after a camera crew had arrived in Plains, Ga. "The reason given," says Stringer, "was that his advisers decided this was an 'inappropriate forum.'" Cronkite found the Soviets so uninformative that he was reduced to interviewing Alexander Bovin, a journalist who is said to be a speechwriter for Leonid Brezhnev, and exploring Moscow's motives by taping a long bull session with Western correspondents.

Inevitably, given the difficulties of jamming such complicated issues into five hours, the series had some regrettable omissions and some too-sweeping conclusions. CBS did not examine the possibility of fighting a European war without nuclear weapons or whether the 11.7% military pay boost last fall and another big one scheduled for Oct. 1 have eased manpower problems. Correspondent Ed Bradley criticized plans to spend $17 billion in 1982 on the four-service Rapid Deployment Force "when all they needed to do was send in the Marines." Matters are not quite that simple: Marine units are indeed organized and trained for quick assaults, but Army units that might be assigned to the R.D.F. would have more staying power for a long campaign because of their heavy equipment.

CBS was on target with its main point however. While not opposing President Ronald Reagan's plan for a $1.3 trillion military buildup over the next five years, it emphasized that money alone will not ensure a strong defense, and called for a national debate on just what the dollars should be used to buy. The Pentagon huffed that "the series turned out to be an editorial rather than a documentary." Even so, Pentagon Spokesman Henry Catto Jr. applauded CBS "for its seriousness of purpose."

CBS's message reached a surprising number of viewers. Heavily promoted, the first two programs in the series outdrew the movies and entertainment shows spotted against them, attracting 30% of the viewing audience. That is a virtually unheard-of performance for a documentary. In this case, effort, quality and thought did more than draw critical plaudits; they produced something that would sell.

—By George J. Church

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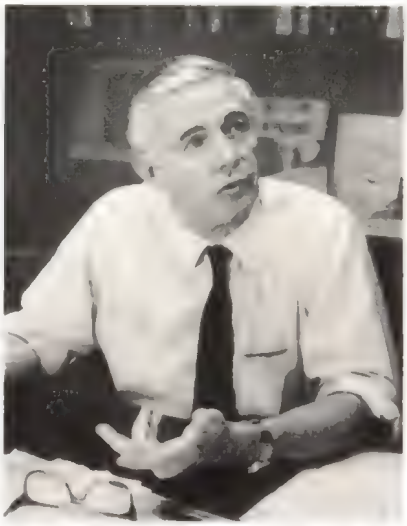
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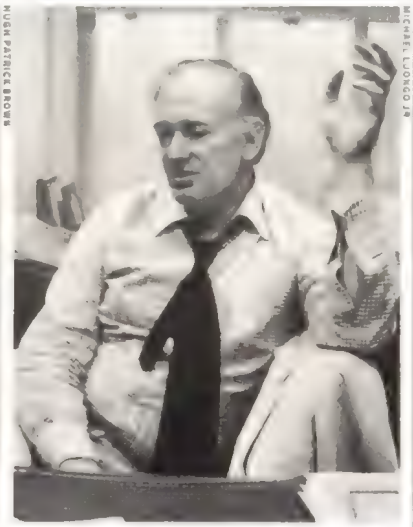
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O'Neill and Felker in Manhattan: "The only thing keeping it going is macho and ego."

Disaster in the Afternoon

The Daily News *retrenches after a major expansion flops*

The plans were as ambitious—and possibly as ill-conceived—as any newspaper publisher has hatched in recent memory. Last August, faced with a precipitous circulation decline, New York's *Daily News* (circ. 1.5 million) launched an evening edition, called *Tonight*, as part of a $20 million revitalization campaign. Once America's biggest daily, the *News* lost that title to the *Wall Street Journal* (circ. 1.9 million) in 1979. *Tonight* was supposed to halt the *News's* circulation losses (450,000 since 1975) by adding "up-scale" readers and advertisers to the morning tabloid's traditional blue-collar audience. A flotilla of special sections and dozens of new feature writers and columnists were deployed under Clay Felker, 52, the founder of *New York* and *New West*. Said Robert M. Hunt, president and publisher of the *News*: "This is an extraordinary undertaking intended to make a great newspaper even greater."

Ten months later, the once mighty *News* is staggering. *News* Editor Michael O'Neill announced last week that Felker will no longer edit *Tonight*, because he wants to pursue "outside interests." Felker's shift to consultant status was greeted with relief by some in the newsroom; they had feared that Chicago's Tribune Co., owner of the *Daily News*, was preparing to shut down *Tonight*—or even sell the *News*. The Hearst Corp. reportedly has turned down an opportunity to buy the *News*, though spokesmen for both companies deny it. In any case, O'Neill, 58, has begun an ominous retrenchment: some special sections have been cut nearly in half, further cuts are expected soon, and distribution in outlying suburban areas is being slashed. *News* editors are not ruling out staff layoffs. Says New York *Post* Circulation Director Martin Fischbein: "*Tonight* has been a financial disaster for them. The only thing keeping it going is macho and ego."

The *News* evidently picked a fight it could not win. Australian Press Lord Rupert Murdoch, owner of the sensation-mongering New York *Post* (circ. 732,000), counterattacked with a new morning edition. Across town, the New York *Times* (circ. 931,000) was not impressed; it grew in circulation (up 16,000 since last year) and advertising linage (up from 57% to 60% of the three-paper total). "We're fat and sassy," says *Times* Executive Editor A.M. Rosenthal. "If this is a war, we're not in the trenches."

Tonight was plagued by a lack of editorial coordination. Coverage was too frequently duplicated (five entertainment editors, seven gossip writers). Many veteran staffers resented the Felker recruits, contemptuously labeled "boutique journalists" by Bareknuckle Columnist Jimmy Breslin. Bad planning and production problems turned the revamped multisection paper into an incomprehensible jumble; it became a challenge just to find the old pictorial centerfold, and a near impossibility to locate the TV listings.

The up-scale commuters who were supposed to read *Tonight* on homebound trains snoozed instead or worse, bought the eye-catching *Post*. Concedes James Wieghart, assistant to the editor: "There was something going on out there that we didn't measure in advance." That something was the *Post's* surprising appeal to sophisticated people who read the *Times* in the morning and wanted a little mayhem and cheesecake at the end of the day. *Tonight's* circulation, projected at upwards of 300,000, is now 95,000, only 25,000 more than the Night Owl edition (out at 7:45 p.m.), which it replaced. Though *Tonight* has better educated, more affluent readers than the morning edition, it did not get enough of them to attract prestigious advertisers like Bloomingdale's and Brooks Brothers regularly. Meanwhile, *Post* circulation has risen by 78,000 (11%) in the past year. Says *Post* Executive Editor Roger Wood: "When they announced the *Tonight* edition, we had no idea that it was going to be the rather sorry animal it is. That's why we went into the morning field when we did." The *Post* is there to stay: that edition now accounts for 40% of its press run.

As *News* staffers prepared to carry out retrenchment plans last week, fears of an impending sale flared anew with the disclosure that the Tribune Co. had shelled out $20.5 million to purchase the perennially money-losing Chicago Cubs baseball team. Cracked one harried *News* editor: "They're going to install lights at Wrigley Field and call the team the Chicago Cubs Tonight." This hefty neighborhood investment by the Tribune Co. reinforced the sense that the Chicago company would rather be rid of its prodigal son in New York. But who would buy it? Even *Post* Owner Murdoch, long rumored to covet his giant rival, professed a lack of interest. Busily tinkering with his latest acquisition, the *Times* of London, Murdoch said, "I don't think there is anything I could do to make it viable." Which is almost exactly what he said about the *Times* —before he picked it up at a bargain price last year. —*By Janice Castro. Reported by Barbara B. Dolan and Elizabeth Rudulph/New York*

Sun Burned

Scandal bites back

Almost every week an editor or reporter somewhere seems to add yet another episode to a permanent serial titled "The Press Eats Its Own Words." The latest chapter

The front-page story in the Toronto *Sun* last month was a grabber. Reporters Donald Ramsay, 28, and Bob Reguly, 50, a prizewinning veteran, charged that John Munro, Canadian Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, had illegally benefited from inside information about the government's purchase of the giant oil company Petrofina. The account detailed Munro's alleged transactions, listing numbers of shares, dates and prices. Munro heatedly denied the charges and filed a $630,000 libel suit against the *Sun*; Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau labeled the allegations "garbage." Last week, after an internal investigation, the *Sun* admitted that the article was totally false. "The reporters who uncovered this story assured their editors of factual, documented backup for it," said the *Sun* in an editorial. "We were wrong." Said Editor in Chief Peter Worthington: "It was some horror when we found we had nothing." Ramsay was fired. Reguly, who came on the story late and never checked Ramsay's "proof," resigned. "I trusted a rat. You can fault me for being stupid." ■

Surprise from the Swing Man

Stewart resigns, giving Reagan a first high court opening

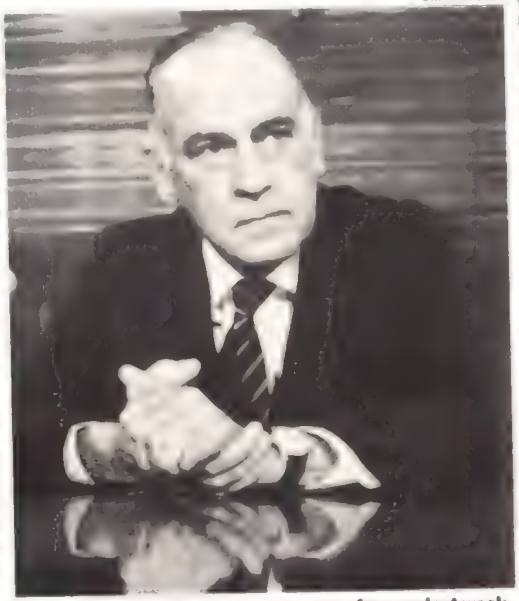
A year and a half ago, Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart received a letter from a high school student in St Cloud, Minn. The Justice had done well, wrote the young woman, but why had he stayed in the job so long? "That," recalled Stewart, 66, last week, "sort of started me thinking." His thinking led him and his wife Mary Ann to conclude that this term, his 23rd, should be his last. Last week, a month after Stewart had quietly delivered a letter of resignation to President Reagan, he announced his decision. Not even his colleagues inside the court, except Chief Justice Warren Burger, had known about it until one day before his press conference. Said he: "I'm a firm believer that it's better to go too soon than stay too long."

The news was doubly a surprise because other Justices had been considered far more likely to depart. Five occupants of the bench are over 70, and two—William Brennan, 75, and Thurgood Marshall, 72—are reportedly in less than robust health. President Reagan now has an unexpectedly early oppportunity to begin his oft-promised ideological remolding of the court. His main criterion for candidates is clearly known. Said White House Spokesman Larry Speakes: "He will not seek only candidates who necessarily agree with him on every position, but rather those who share one key view: the role of the courts is to interpret the law, not to enact new law by judicial fiat."

Some observers think Reagan may pick a crony: White House Counsellor Edwin Meese, Deputy Secretary of State William Clark. Others predict that he will select an academic like Yale's Robert Bork or Chicago's Philip Kurland. The nation's lower courts offer Reagan such conservatives as Dallin Oaks of the Utah Supreme Court and Malcolm Wilkey, an old friend of Chief Justice Warren Burger's who sits on the U.S. Court of Appeals.

More intriguing is the possibility that the 102nd Justice will be the first woman appointee. Last October Reagan pledged that he would fill "one of the first vacancies" with a woman. Among the names under speculation: former Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Carla Hills, White House Aide Elizabeth Dole (wife of Senator Robert Dole) and U.S. Appeals Court Judge Cornelia Kennedy, who is known for her hard line in criminal cases. Insiders expect the nominee to be named soon, whatever the sex, to give the Senate plenty of time to begin the confirmation process before its scheduled August recess.

Stewart's retirement will round off a legal career that began virtually in infancy. As a child, Stewart would listen while his father, a Cincinnati lawyer and one-time mayor who later served on the Ohio Supreme Court, simultaneously shaved and rehearsed his courtroom arguments. Schooled at Hotchkiss, Yale and Yale Law School, he served as a deck officer on Navy oilers during World War II. "bored to death 99% of the time, and scared to death 1%." After three years of Wall Street he returned to Cincinnati. In 1954 Stewart was named to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, becoming at 39 the youngest federal appellate judge in the country. Four years later, President Eisenhower nominated him for the Supreme Court.



DIANA WALKER

The Justice at his Washington press conference last week

"It's better to go too soon than stay too long."

Because the court was so evenly divided philosophically, the newcomer frequently found himself casting the decisive vote. A common expression in the press was "As goes Stewart, so goes the court." During the more liberal days of the Warren Court (1962-69), Stewart was often in the minority, but with the passing of that era, he again became what he remains today: a crucial swing man. As a centrist, Stewart has shrunk from formulating sweeping principles that would place him in one camp or another. Says Stanford Law Professor Gerald Gunther: "He's not going to be remembered as a great Justice, but that's part of his strength in a way. He was not an ideologue, not an extremist. They only remember the ones who stake out positions."

To Stewart, a judge is supposed to decide only the specific case before him—and to do so as narrowly as possible. A Justice, he said last week, should not "think of himself as some great big philosopher-king." He believes that social and economic issues should be left to legislators, even when they handle them poorly. He once derided a Connecticut anticontraceptive statute as an "uncommonly silly law"—and at the same time voted to uphold it. To some, this restraint betokened a lack of drive or leadership. Says one law professor: "He was a real disappointment. He was a responder." Adds Dennis Hutchinson, a professor at Georgetown Law Center: "He didn't have a hell of a lot of influence on his brethren."

Though impossible to pigeonhole, Stewart has generally defended civil rights. He creatively used Reconstruction Era statutes to strike down race discrimination, but he opposed Government-mandated affirmative action (so-called reverse discrimination) as well. A former chairman of the Yale *Daily News* who almost became a journalist, he believes fervently in a vigorous press. Purveyors of hard-core pornography, in his view, deserve less protection. In his most famous phrase, Stewart said he could not define pornography, "but I know it when I see it." He joked last week that the words might turn up on his tombstone.

Stewart has always relished his work. He never missed a day of oral arguments and often peppered attorneys with questions. His opinions are notably craftsmanlike, concise and crisply turned. An affable man away from the bench, his major interests aside from the law and his family (he has three children) are fishing and the Cincinnati Reds. During the 1973 playoffs between the Reds and the New York Mets, he was hearing arguments at the court and had his clerks slip him inning-by-inning, then batter-by-batter, reports. When Vice President Spiro Agnew's resignation came through during the climactic game, one clerk's note read, "Kranepool flies to left. Agnew resigns."

Stewart insisted last week that it was precisely because he retained his energy and breadth of interests that he wanted to quit while he could still enjoy them. Judges know best when to bring their tenure to an end, he said. After all, they serve during good behavior—"and whatever else growing old is, it isn't bad behavior." *—By Bennett H. Beach. Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington*

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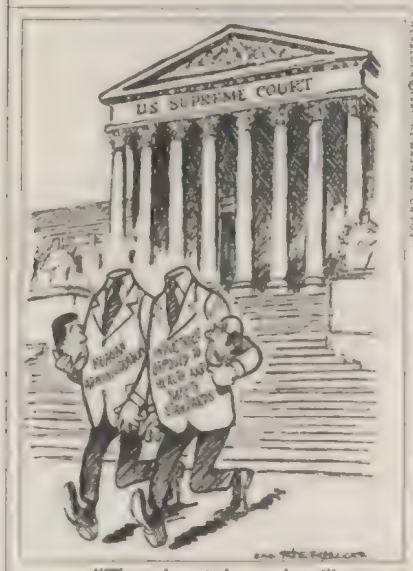


"That place is hazardous!"

Dangerous Dust

Employers must pay the cost

It often begins with wheezing and shortness of breath. Eventually it can lead to death. Byssinosis (nicknamed "brown lung" disease) is caused primarily by cotton dust that fills the air in textile plants. As many as 150,000 employed and retired cotton-mill workers may suffer from some form of the ailment. In the cotton-mill country of the South, a sardonic slogan addressed to consumers is "Blue jeans for you, brown lung for us."

Three years ago, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) imposed stringent limits on the amount of cotton dust that manufacturers could have in their plants. The industry objected that the ventilation equipment and other measures required by OSHA's order would run up a crippling tab of $2 billion (OSHA's estimate: $650 million). Turning to the courts in an attempt to get the standards modified, the industry argued that OSHA should have weighed the cost of compliance against the benefits.

After the case was argued before the Supreme Court this year, the textile manufacturers acquired a potent ally in President Reagan. In February, as part of his drive to deregulate U.S. industry, Reagan ordered a cost-benefit analysis of major Government rules. A month later his Secretary of Labor asked the Supreme Court not to decide the cotton-dust case because OSHA planned to reconsider the disputed standards.

Last week the court rebuffed both the Administration and the textile manufacturers. In a decision that could have considerable impact on many industries beyond textiles, the court ruled, 5 to 3, that the agency is not required to weigh costs against benefits when setting health standards dealing with toxic materials in the workplace.

The key to the decision was a four-word phrase that Congress used in the 1970 law that OSHA administers. The measure directed the agency to set standards assuring that "to the extent feasible," no worker would suffer material impairment of health from exposure to toxic substances, including cotton dust. By and large, OSHA read the word feasible to mean technologically possible, but the industry argued for a primarily economic definition. Wrote Justice William Brennan for the majority: "Congress itself defined the basic relationship between costs and benefits, by placing the 'benefit' of worker health above all other considerations save those making attainment of this 'benefit' unachievable." Brennan pointed out that Congress's goal in enacting the statute was to cut the tremendous losses suffered by American industry because of worker injury and disability. "The legislative history demonstrates conclusively," said Brennan, "that Congress was fully aware that the act would impose real and substantial costs of compliance on industry, and believed that such costs were part of the cost of doing business."

The ruling, while a serious setback for the Reagan Administration's deregulation effort, is far from a death blow. James C. Miller III, who heads a White House deregulation task force, emphasized that the court's decision dealt only with the OSHA statute covering toxic substances. Indeed, Justice Brennan cited several regulatory laws, including ones on the environment, that specifically allow the Government to weigh costs against benefits. Now if the Administration wants to do the same thing with toxic substances in the workplace, it may have no choice but to ask Congress to amend the statute accordingly.

Some observers had expected the court to rule more favorably on cotton dust because of its decision last year striking down a limit on benzene vapors in factories. In that case, however, the court never reached the cost-benefit question, in part because four Justices concluded that OSHA had failed to show that the proposed standard was even necessary to assure worker health.

As for the cotton industry, Textile Analyst John Figh maintains that the decision "will not have one bit of effect on companies like Burlington, Milliken and Dan River," three major firms that are already well on their way to compliance with the new cotton-dust limits. In the four years allowed for complete compliance, the court's decision will probably weigh most heavily on small companies that lack the capital to clean up their mills. Meanwhile, it may create a competitive advantage for manufacturers of synthetics, since man-made fibers do not create a dust problem. ■

Prison Rights

Doubling up is O.K.

In 1975 Kelly Chapman, an armed robber, and Richard Jaworski, who was serving out a narcotics conviction, were forced to share a 10½-ft. by 6½-ft. cell at Ohio's maximum-security prison in Lucasville. Citing the Eighth Amendment's ban on "cruel and unusual punishments," the bunkmates filed a class-action lawsuit that sought a "one man, one cell" policy. A federal judge granted their request and was upheld on appeal. Last week, in a decision of major significance for the nation's overcrowded prisons, the Supreme Court ruled, 8 to 1, that "double celling" was not necessarily unconstitutional.

Wrote Justice Lewis Powell for the majority: "To the extent that [prison] conditions are restrictive and even harsh, they are part of the penalty that criminal offenders pay for their offenses against society." Such conditions would be cruel and unusual, Powell went on, only if they inflicted "unnecessary or wanton pain" or were "grossly disproportionate" to the severity of the inmates' crimes.

The decision will have immediate impact in Maryland and Oregon, where double celling has been barred by federal courts. Less clear is the probable effect in 25 other states, where prisons are under court orders to improve conditions, and in an additional ten states, where similar cases are pending. The court stressed that state legislators and administrators were better suited than judges to decide how to run their penitentiaries. But, said Justices William Brennan, Harry Blackmun and John Paul Stevens in a concurring opinion, "today's decision should in no way be construed as a retreat from careful judicial scrutiny of prison conditions." ■

Cellmates at Ohio's Lucasville prison

Part of the penalty that criminals pay.

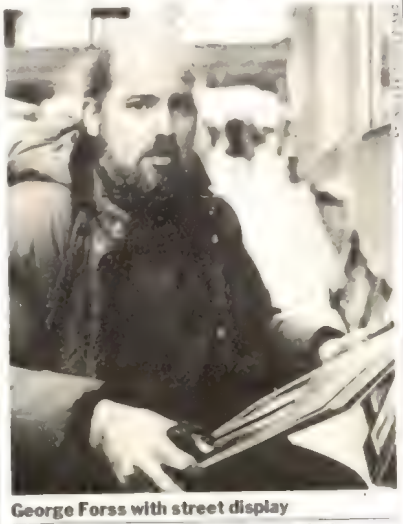
Photography

One-Man Museum Without Walls

A street photographer sells splendid $6.00 visions of New York

The ocean liner *QE 2* glides past the World Trade Center: elegant horizontal meeting towering verticals. The late afternoon sun lends pale, reflected fire, while the rest of the sky fills up with lowering clouds. How fortunate that Photographer George Forss, 40, happened to be there with his camera when all this happened. More fortunate still, Forss sells 11-in. by 14-in. copies of this photograph, exquisitely printed and carefully matted, for only $6.

The price is easy; finding Forss is something else again. The line forms somewhere in Manhattan. He is a street vendor, one of about 7,500 who pay New York City $25 a year for a license to sell their wares on the sidewalk. No one knows how many more ply the same trade illegally, or how much of their merchandise "fell off a truck," *i.e.*, was stolen. But marketplaces are in plain view nearly everywhere. Weather permitting, and especially on fine spring days, certain blocks in midtown and the Wall Street area take on the pace and color of oriental bazaars. Shoppers can buy anything from hot dogs to fake diamonds without ever going through a door.



George Forss with street display

"Living off the land in modern life."

Amid all this pitching, hawking and haggling stands Forss, a bearish, balding man with a neatly trimmed beard. His photographs rest on the sidewalk, propped against an available building. They do their own selling; Forss merely watches while passers-by stop to look. They see remarkable things: a velvety image of a contemplative black child, a serene study of a well-fed cat and an undernourished house plant. The much photographed Verrazano Bridge can be found in Forss's display, but this time with a small starburst of sunlight piercing one of its uprights. And, yes, there is a winter scene in Central Park, rendered as a child with a very experienced eye might see it: the snow white, the background buildings dark and brooding.

Wherever Forss sets up his fine black-and-white prints, he creates a little museum without walls; such is his skill behind the lens and his technical proficiency in the darkroom. The police, however, see Forss and his fellow vendors as nui-

sances. Leaseholding, rent-paying merchants think still less of them So, even with a license, Forss cannot go about his business entirely unhassled. Because of congestion, some busy corners are forbidden territory. There are other restrictions. "You're not supposed to stay in one place more than two hours," he says, adding that the police grow unhappy if the same vendor appears at the same locale too regularly. A technical infraction of one of the city's many complex regulations can always be invoked, and a bust may follow: "If you're unlicensed, the motorcycle cop holds you till the truck comes. Then they take your stuff and hold it all day long at the precinct, until business hours are over. On top of going to court and paying the fines, you get charged $65 for gas and fees for the truck."

If life sounds hard, Forss describes it with the abstract air of a man in love with his work. Besides, his knockabout past has immunized him to mere annoyances. Born in the South Bronx, Forss endured a bout of polio at age three, and the loss of his carpenter father, who took to thievery, using a hand-carved wooden pistol, and was deported back to Sweden after a fling at bank robbery. His Italian mother remarried, and George moved through a series of orphanages and boys' homes. "Let's face it," he says, "we were a welfare family." At 18, he struck out on his own, taking jobs as a house painter, Linotype operator, busboy and messenger. He began carrying a camera with him, learning about it and the city at the same time: "You get ideas while you're walking around." He taught himself darkroom techniques and started showing the results to people he met on his rounds. Some offered to buy. Five years ago, Forss decided to sell full time.

"I'm a peddler," he says, and his prices reflect the rigid economics of the street-vending trade. Those who cannot clear $100 per working day should look for an office job. Forss figures he spends $1.65 to develop each print. Though he throws out a good many because they do not meet his standards, he still has 40 prints to sell each day, at "a fair profit" of around $4 apiece. On good days, he does just that. When it rains or snows, or when the police grow especially attentive, business suffers.

Forss calls his existence "living off the land in modern life," and he is clearly not in it for the money. Precarious as the sidewalk trade may be, he still feels free to take a week off with his cameras and haunt the urban landscape, waiting and looking for a particular shot—the confluence, say, of the liner and the towers—that seems worth saving. Selling his own work gives him quality control and a flexible schedule, but Forss barely notices the potential customers who cluster around his display. He keeps looking at the light and wondering whether it is striking a building or bridge in a way that might look good on film. He takes out-of-body trips to favorite shooting sites. "I've got spots all over the city," he says. He checks his urge to visit one immediately with a thought: "The buildings aren't going anywhere."

But they are. Forss's birthplace in the South Bronx, for instance: "My neighborhood's not there any more. It's underground; it's bricks." Wealthier areas of the city decay and change less rapidly, but even the center of Manhattan is a mobile of concrete, stone and steel. The camera's lens fixes the flux. When the eye behind it is guided with sufficient knowledge, a magical transformation can happen: a permanent image supersedes its transient subject. It is hard to put a value on such an event, although $6 seems a little low. What George Forss is selling on the sidewalks is slices of a city's soul.

—By Paul Gray

Mexicans slaughtering cattle after an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease

More Magic from Gene Splicing

A vaccine against foot-and-mouth disease, courtesy of E. coli

Of the many afflictions that plague livestock, none is as devastating as foot-and-mouth disease. Highly contagious and with no known cure, it blisters the feet, tongues and mouths of animals, and causes lameness, weight loss and, in dairy cows, reduced milk production. At least 33 different species are susceptible, mostly such cloven-hoofed creatures as cattle, sheep, pigs, goats and deer. For farmers the usual recourse is to kill, burn and bury infected livestock. Often an entire herd must be slaughtered, even if only one animal has been stricken, lest the disease spread. Some years ago, British authorities had to kill more than 280,000 animals to contain a major outbreak.

In the U.S., foot-and-mouth disease has been stamped out, thanks to the Department of Agriculture's vigilant policies against importing livestock from infected areas. But elsewhere in the world, foot-and-mouth costs farmers tens of thousands of animals and billions of dollars a year. Scientists have developed vaccines against the viral disease, but these carry a risk of actually infecting the inoculated animal because they sometimes contain live viruses.

Now foot-and-mouth may finally be checked. Last week Agriculture Secretary John Block announced that researchers from the California gene-splicing firm Genentech, Inc., in collaboration with his department's scientists, had produced a safe, effective vaccine against the disease. Like polio viruses, the tiny virus that causes foot-and-mouth has a coating of four proteins. A team of Agriculture Department scientists, led by Biochemist Howard Bachrach, had isolated one of them, calling it VP_3 (for virus protein). Injecting the substance into test animals, they found it created immunity without causing infection. But using it was risky, because it too involved the danger of introducing live viruses. Moreover, the process yielded only minuscule quantities of the vaccine, hardly enough for commercial production.

In stepped the gene splicers from Genentech, who managed to isolate the gene in the virus that orders up the production of VP_3. A molecular fragment containing these instructions was then spliced into a plasmid, or small circular collection of DNA, taken from an *E. coli* bacterium. Then the plasmid and its "recombined" DNA were inserted back into *E. coli*. Not only did the recipient bacteria begin cranking out VP_3, but all their offspring reproduced the protein as well.

Other gene splicers have accomplished variations of the same feat, but the Genentech–Agriculture Department team says that its production levels are a thousand times as high per bacterium as anything that has been done before. The scientists acknowledge that their vaccine is not a magic bullet against all seven major strains of foot-and-mouth disease. Each has a slightly different protein coat, and each will require a different vaccine. But they are optimistic that the critical proteins can be isolated and then reproduced through gene splicing. If so, in a few years effective new vaccines easily produced in large quantities may finally begin to eradicate this ancient agricultural scourge. ■

NASA, *en Garde!*

Europe's Ariane vs. *the shuttle*

Just offshore lies Devil's Island, once the world's most dreaded penal colony. A short distance away, piranha-infested rivers course through the rain forest. Yet out of this equatorial backwater on the steamy coast of French Guiana last week roared a gleaming, cream-colored three-stage rocket emblazoned with the flags of eleven European nations. The fiery lift-off, heard for miles around, was a noisy, jubilant awakening for an independent space effort in faraway Europe.

As the 155-ft.-long Ariane rocket rose into high earth orbit, it evoked multilingual cheers from technicians at France's Guiana Space Center and from European space officials watching a huge TV monitor outside Paris (*"Très jolie!"* "Excellent trajectory!"). The rocket carried a European weather observatory called Meteosat 2, an Indian communications satellite and a packet of heat-measuring devices. The flawless launch marked the first time the European Space Agency (ESA) had sent major payloads into orbit with its own booster.

Built by a French-dominated consortium of European companies, Ariane is a liquid-fuel rocket reminiscent of the U.S. Atlas/Centaur launch vehicle. In its first test, in 1979, the rocket reached orbit, but the second Ariane burned up shortly after lift-off, in 1980, because of engine failure. Thus Ariane's latest launch attempt —the next-to-last trial before the rocket is scheduled to go into regular commercial service—was regarded as something of a make-or-break proposition, like *Columbia's* flight last April.

Unlike the U.S. shuttle, each rocket can be used only once. But Ariane has one distinct advantage. Aided by the boost it gets from launch near the equator (where the earth's surface velocity is greater than at higher latitudes either north or south), it can carry payloads to an ideal parking place, 22,300 miles above the equator, in what is called geosynchronous orbit. At that distance, satellites remain fixed over one spot on the ground, permanently in line of sight of antennas. The U.S. shuttle can reach a maximum altitude of only 690 miles, and additional boosters will be needed to loft payloads higher. Europeans were quick to make much of *la différence.* NASA, *en garde!* ■

Jungle launch

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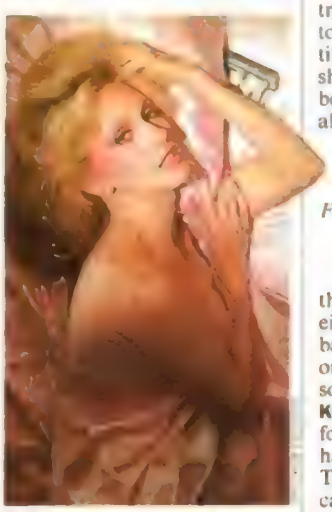
The never-before-released 1979 photograph of Jimmy Carter avoiding certain peril by splashing away at the infamous "killer rabbit"

People

That long-famous but never-released photograph of **Jimmy Carter** and his "killer rabbit" finally surfaced last week. It should lay to rest any doubts as to the former President's bunny tale. Fishing alone in 1979 in a small watership down in Plains, Ga., Jimmy was alarmed to see "a fairly robust-looking rabbit" hissing menacingly, with teeth flashing and nostrils flared, paddling furiously toward his skiff. When the furry creature got to within a hare's breadth of the craft, Carter took oar in hand and began flailing frantically to chase it away—or maybe even to split a hare. Aides scoffed when Jimmy first regaled them with his rabbit feat, until they learned that a White House photographer had recorded the incident. No doubt about it. The hare-rowing tail was fur real.

■

A murderous schizophrenic on the soap *Search for Tomorrow*. A rich daddy's girl in the series *Flamingo Road*. A testy starlet in the TV movie *The Dream Merchants*. Actress **Morgan Fairchild,** 31, has certainly perfected a biting style of bitchcraft. But in the film *The Seduction*, due to be released late this year, she temporarily gives her bristling image the broom. Morgan plays a TV newscaster who catches the evil eye of a psychotic viewer with more on his mind than pillow talk. The actress certainly seems to cotton to her satin sheet role. "I'm so tired of menacing everyone," she says. "Now at last I get to be menaced." Though the part alters her wicked persona, Morgan has not grown too big for her bitches. This fall, she will return to roost on *Flamingo Road*.



Fairchild guns for a new image

■

As the 2,000 members of the prestigious Council on Foreign Relations considered their ballots for the eight open seats on the organization's 27-person board of directors, **Henry Kissinger,** 58, who was running for his second three-year term, had to seem like a shoo-in. There were, after all, only nine candidates in the race: Kissinger, former Treasury Secretary **W. Michael Blumenthal,** 55, Xerox Chairman **C. Peter McColough,** 58, Citibank Chairman **Walter Wriston,** 61, Economist **Marina von Neumann Whitman,** 46, Chicago *Sun-Times* Publisher **James Hoge,** 45, former State Department Official **William Rogers,** 54, Washington *Post* Columnist **Philip Geyelin,** 58, and former Secretary of State **Cyrus Vance,** 64. But when the vote was announced last week—gasp—Kissinger was dead last. Said one council member: "It just stood out on the ballot—a chance to vote against Kissinger. It was too good to pass up." Council President **Winston Lord,** 43, a former Kissinger protégé, had a different view. Said he: "It's really a fluke."

■

The double-breasted, eggshell blue, worsted herringbone suit; the candy-striped, English-cuffed, high-necked Herbert Hoover shirt; the custom-made blue suede monk strap loafers. It is hard for Journalist **Tom Wolfe,** 50, (*The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby; The Right Stuff*) to keep his identity under his hat, especially when it is a hand-blocked and brushed blue felt bowler like the one he is sporting in front of the studiously garish former Huntington Hartford Gallery of Modern Art on Manhattan's Columbus Circle. The Wolfe in chic clothing, having savaged much of the modern art world in *The Painted Word* (1975), unleashes his hell-bent prose on the architectural profession this fall in *From Bauhaus to Our House* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.95). At Hartford's old gallery he got an edifying uplift from an edifice he admires. The building's designer, **Edward Durell Stone,** fares well by the writer's architext, but most practitioners will wish that they had kept this Wolfe from the door. "The stiff regulations for becoming an architect," says he, "make no more sense than those for undertakers. There is nothing you couldn't learn at a Berlitz engineering school in two weeks."

Wolfe hunting down the Hartford

The First Lady and her first matey aboard Malcolm Forbes' yacht *Highlander*

Charles and Nancy greet the troupe *pas de deux* style

If ever a prince enchanted an imperial city, Britain's **Prince Charles** did so last week on his first visit to New York for a gala benefit in honor of the 50th anniversary of the Royal Ballet. With **Lady Diana Spencer,** 19, back in London preparing for the royal wedding on July 29, it was the last official jaunt to the U.S. as a bonnie bachelor for Prince Charles, 32. But it was not without problems. Never far away during his 24-hour stay were shouting throngs of I.R.A. sympathizers. A small army of 1,700 New York City police and 300 State Department and Secret Service men protected the Prince at every turn—a level of security generally reserved for a visiting head of state and one that cost the city $300,000.

Moments after Prince Charles landed at Kennedy International Airport, he was whisked away in a twelve-passenger Sikorsky helicopter for a tour of Manhattan. Greeting him at the Wall Street heliport was Chief of Protocol **Lee Annenberg.** Bowing to criticism of her curtsy when the Prince visited Washington last month, she welcomed him this time with a modified bob.

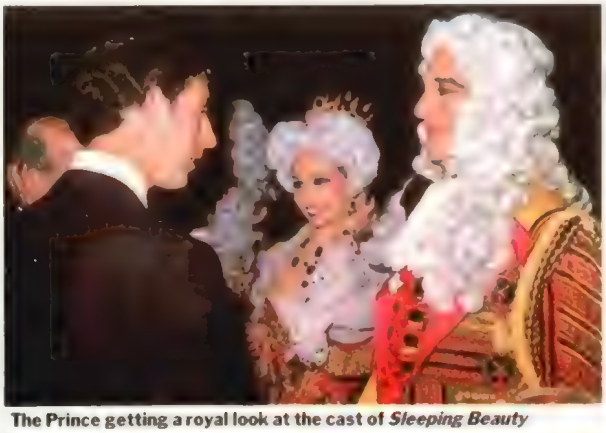
At the South Street Seaport, Prince Charles and First Lady **Nancy Reagan,** 59, boarded Publisher **Malcolm Forbes'** 126-ft. yacht *Highlander,* but only after Navy and police divers had combed the ship's hull for explosives. Cruising up the Hudson with the Prince and the First Lady were some 60 other guests. They lunched on all-American fare: Long Island duckling, cold Maine lobster, California strawberries in New Jersey heavy cream. "Nobody got seasick," said Prince Charles, patting his stomach, "but I ate too much."

Anti-British protesters demonstrating why Irish smiles are ailing

An afternoon nap in his suite at the Waldorf Towers took care of that. Later the Prince donned evening clothes for a reception at Lincoln Center. Out front, some 4,000 pro-Irish demonstrators taunted the arriving guests, but the Prince slipped in through a back entrance. Thus he never got to see the fluttering placards vilifying the British presence in Northern Ireland. Read one of the more temperate messages: "The sun never sets on the British empire because God doesn't trust the Brits in the dark."

Inside, the Prince sipped a glass of rare Moët & Chandon pink champagne and made his way down a lengthy reception line, shaking hands and chatting with patrons who had paid up to $1,000 for tickets to both the gala performance of *Sleeping Beauty* and a black-tie ball. Among the guests at the ballet were a number of pro-Irish protesters, who disrupted the performance three times with anti-British outbursts. But the dancers barely missed a step, and afterward Charles and Nancy went backstage to congratulate the troupe. At the ball later the Prince guided Nancy about the dance floor a number of times, then quietly departed shortly after midnight. By noon, he was on his way back to London and the flurry of activities leading up to his wedding. In his wake, he left a city still glowing in its royal flush. —*By E. Graydon Carter*

Police diver coming up for heir



The Prince getting a royal look at the cast of *Sleeping Beauty*

Kabuki stylization marks Minoru Miki's *An Actor's Revenge;* right, the final scene of Delius' *Fennimore and Gerda,* seen through a leafy scrim

Three Premieres, Three Hits

But opera managers neglect the war horses at their peril

Samuel Johnson called opera "an exotic and irrational entertainment," and maybe it was in 18th century London. There is nothing exotic about the opera boom in America today. In such cities as Omaha, Dallas and even Moorhead, N. Dak., regional companies have taken root, resulting in innovative and exciting operatic activity.

The Seattle Opera, for example, is in the seventh summer of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung,* in both English and German cycles. The San Diego Opera stages a Verdi festival, producing the relatively obscure works—this year *Un Giorno di Regno*—along with the more familiar ones. Usually defined as companies other than the so-called Big Five—New York's Metropolitan, the San Francisco Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Houston Grand Opera and the New York City Opera—the regional groups are distinguished by their employment of American artists and even American composers. Last season the more than 60 regional companies in the U.S. attracted 49% of its opera audiences.

An acknowledged leader is Opera Theater of St. Louis. In just six seasons, Richard Gaddes, 39, the company's British-born general director, has made opera flourish in a city where past efforts had mostly been failures.

At a time when some of his colleagues have difficulty selling anything but their umpteenth *La Bohème,* Gaddes has found an audience for the new and the unusual. The current season is typical: the American premiere of Japanese Composer Minoru Miki's *An Actor's Revenge,* a double bill consisting of Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's *The Secret of Susanna* and Frederick Delius' last opera, *Fennimore and Gerda* (also an American premiere), Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* and Verdi's *Rigoletto,* all sung in English.

The two premieres received the best performances. The Delius, completed in 1910 and first performed in 1919, proved a major discovery. The perfumed, sensuous score is characteristic of this British composer who spent much of his life in France and suggests Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* in its allusiveness and emotional restraint. Yet there is also a distinctly modern sensibility at work in the opera's structure—eleven scenes (or "pictures," as Delius called them) strung together with orchestral interludes.

The opera is based on the novel *Niels Lyhne* by the Danish writer Jens Peter Jacobsen and concerns Niels' love for two women, Fennimore and Gerda. Most of it is devoted to his tragic affair with Fennimore; some months after finishing the rest, Delius added the two Gerda scenes, which provide a happy ending.

Sopranos Kathryn Bouleyn and Kathryn Gamberoni stood out in the title roles. Christopher Keene, an important young American conductor, led the score with considerable sensitivity. Director Frank Corsaro captured the lyricism of *Fennimore and Gerda* with a light, poetic touch. He staged the action behind a scrim, using film and slides to indicate the passage of time and interpolating mimed action during the orchestral interludes.

An Actor's Revenge tells the tale of an 18th century Kabuki actor, Yukinojo, who specializes in female roles. Yukinojo is played by two people: a tenor (Mallory Walker) who sings the role, and a dancer (Manuel Alum) who mimes the part. Walker's relentless shouting tired the ear quickly, but Alum's performance as a man impersonating a woman was riveting.

Miki's score uses nine Western instruments plus the koto (a kind of harp), samisen (a Japanese lute) and the *tsuzumi* drum. The composer manipulates a few simple musical motifs to achieve great emotional resonance as the themes recur, a sensitive, fragile hybrid that combines traditional Japanese elements with contemporary Western compositional practices. It must be heard in the theater to make its effect. Director Colin Graham, who commissioned the work for London's

Thomas Stewart as Lear

In Ponnelle's production, the earth moves

English Music Theater in 1979, staged the sometimes violent action subtly and with formal grace.

While the unusual operas bring in the out-of-town press, boosting a company's prestige, it is still the chestnuts that pay the bills. Says Michigan Opera Theater's David Di Chiera: "There must be a delicate balance between what the community wants and what will get national attention." The Dallas Opera's Plato Karayanis said his company lost 5% of its subscribers after last season's repertory of *Turandot*, Delibes's *Lakmé*, Vivaldi's *Orlando furioso* and Britten's *Peter Grimes;* with a more conventional season coming up, he expects record ticket sales.

Gaddes cannot readily explain his success with the off-beat. Perhaps his apprenticeship at the Santa Fe Opera —the prototype of the innovative summer company—has something to do with it, as well as his urbane salesmanship. Gaddes also credits public interest in the exciting young singers who have appeared with the company and admits that the BBC's telecast of the 1978 *Albert Herring* raised the company immeasurably in the eyes of opera-hungry St. Louisans.

"When I was first asked to come to St. Louis as a consultant," recalls Gaddes, "I think I was expected to recommend that they get a large hall, hire Renata Scotto and do *Il Trovatore*." Instead, St. Louis has heard Rameau's *Pygmalion*, Martin y Soler's *Tree of Chastity* and the world premiere of *The Village Singer*, by the American composer Stephen Paulus.

Yet rapid success, says Gaddes, has brought with it some problems. "We're very much in the spotlight of the regional companies, and I sense we're now being judged as a national festival. But we mustn't lose sight of our original purpose: to give the best young singers an opportunity to perform under the best possible conditions."

■ ■ ■

Not all the news was in St. Louis this month. At the San Francisco Opera, German Composer Aribert Reimann's *Lear* was given its American premiere. Reimann, 45, has penetrated the gloomy heart of Shakespeare's *King Lear* and has written a powerful serialist score that has a symbiotic relationship to Claus Henneberg's adaptation of the play, underlining and commenting upon the action in Shakespeare without really accompanying it. The earth moves, literally, in Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's imaginative production. Ponnelle uses the bare walls of the stagehouse as a backdrop for Lear's blasted heath, and sections of the stage are raised and lowered. The effect is chilling in the storm scene. Brilliantly led by Conductor Gerd Albrecht, the performance boasted a powerful, pitiable Lear in Thomas Stewart. *Lear* has already entered the repertory in Europe. Whether more conservative U.S. audiences will take it to heart remains to be seen. But it deserves the chance. —*By Michael Walsh*

Medicine

Saving One, Dooming Another

Doctors successfully abort an abnormal twin

It was a case that would have tried the wisdom of Solomon. For 18 months, a couple had been trying without success to conceive a child. Then the wife became pregnant with fraternal twins. Because the woman, who had never before given birth, was 40 years old, she underwent amniocentesis in the 17th week of pregnancy. Guided by ultrasound scans, doctors inserted a needle through the woman's abdomen and into the separate amniotic sacs, withdrawing a sample of the fluid that cushioned each of the developing children. The fluid contained cells shed by the fetuses, and these were analyzed for genetic abnormalities. The

Dr. Thomas Kerenyi in New York City

Performing a delicate and dicey operation.

samples revealed that both twins were boys, but only one showed the normal number of chromosomes. The other had an extra chromosome, which indicated Down's syndrome, a condition characterized by mental retardation and often accompanied by physical defects.

That information left the parents in a quandary. Says a report in last week's *New England Journal of Medicine:* "The mother desperately wanted to have the normal child but could not face the burden of caring for an abnormal child for the rest of her life." She would have chosen to abort both fetuses rather than continue the pregnancy to term had doctors not told her there was yet a third option: to try to abort only the abnormal twin.

The extremely delicate procedure, which had been successfully carried out only once before, in Sweden in 1978, was performed a year ago by a team led by Dr. Thomas Kerenyi at Manhattan's Mount Sinai Medical Center. The attempt was made in the 20th week of pregnancy, when the fetus weighs about 10 oz. and is about 10 in. long. A series of pictures taken during the earlier ultrasound scanning helped locate the abnormal twin, though not with certainty; Kerenyi put his chances at "much better than 50-50." Doctors then used sound waves to pinpoint the tiny beating heart. On their second attempt, they pierced the heart with a thin needle and withdrew about half the fetus' blood, causing the heart gradually to stop beating. Analysis of the blood later confirmed that the correct twin had been aborted.

The pregnancy continued uneventfully. "The mother looked forward to the birth as a delightful event, and the other aspect didn't bother her," Kerenyi said. Fortnightly ultrasound scans showed the aborted fetus withering away while the live twin grew. Twenty weeks after the abortion, the woman went into labor. She delivered the dead fetus, by this time a paper-thin collection of cells, and a healthy 6-lb. boy. ■

New Maladies

At fault: slots and video games

Few things delight subscribers—or editors—of medical journals more than accounts of new and weird ailments. Over the years readers of the *New England Journal of Medicine* have been treated to numerous such "first reports." Among them: cyclist's pudendal neuritis (genital numbness from marathon bike rides on poorly padded seats), water-skier's enema (the result of high-speed falls in a sitting position) and disco felon (a finger infection from constant finger snapping on the dance floor).

Now come two more. Space-Invaders wrist, described by Medical Student Timothy McCowan of Little Rock, Ark., is a painful stiffness resulting from "repeated prolonged playing" of the popular Atari video game. According to McCowan, himself a sufferer, rapid repetitive arm movement with much abrupt bending and twisting of the wrist and forearm are required to maneuver the spaceship. The second affliction was discovered by Dr. Richard Neiman of Sacramento and Susan Ushiroda of Portland, Ore., after examination of two women who complained of sudden pain in the right shoulder. Investigation revealed that their discomfort followed a weekend of gambling at Lake Tahoe, Nev. For "slot-machine tendinitis," the authors have a surefire treatment: "Rest or winning a jackpot early." ■

Shake-Out in the Skies

The nation's airlines adjust to a brave new business world aloft

Normally, the start of the summer travel season means just one thing to the U.S.'s $33 billion airline industry. As vacationers pack up and jet away by the millions, bookings rise, revenues soar and profits scoot skyward. This season the travelers will be there once again. But the nation's leading air carriers are awaiting the throngs of eager customers with attitudes ranging from uncertainty to downright trepidation. At every turn, the once proud commercial aviation business is being buffeted by economic change, and the shake-out is altering the whole structure of U.S. air travel.

No longer the invincible titans of air transport, major trunk carriers like Pan American, United, Braniff and TWA are now fighting off brutal competition from hosts of new airlines, some with only a few planes and a quick-thinking team of marketing men. Their business strategy: a sort of fast-food style of jam-'em-in, fly-'em-off air service. The upstarts have been spawned in large part by the airline deregulation drive that began during Gerald Ford's presidency and is likely to be accelerated by the Reagan Administration.

Deregulation has generated opportunities aplenty for all air carriers. Rather than having to go through often lengthy administrative procedures to change the price of a ticket, drop an unprofitable route or add a new one, the airlines can more and more do as they please. But freedom from regulation has led to scheduling chaos, a rise in the number of new carriers, and ferocious price wars, particularly on choice routes like New York to Miami and East Coast to West. The cutthroat competition is forcing many big carriers to ferry about planeloads of overjoyed passengers at bargain rates that sometimes do not even cover operating costs.

More immediately, air carriers, large and small alike, last weekend were confronting a problem that suddenly loomed for all of them: the threat of an illegal strike by air traffic controllers. Long a militant lot, the controllers were demanding, according to the Government, median pay raises of $10,000, plus cost of living adjustments that would bring their top annual base salary to $73,420. The union threatened a coast-to-coast shutdown if the Reagan Administration continued to resist. A full walkout would ground about three-fourths of U.S. commercial flights. But a partial strike would probably be manageable, at least for a while.

In fact, the prospect of a strike has merely compounded the uncertainties of an industry that is already in upheaval. Between now and the end of the year, vacationers and business passengers will be lining up at ticket counters of new or almost new airlines that many travelers have probably never heard of: Midway, Muse, Sun and People Express.

There will be hardly any pattern to the fares the travelers will pay: some charges will seem strangely high, others absurdly low. In New Haven, Conn., last week, bargain hunters snapped up promotional 75¢ tickets—a penny a mile—for New Air's inaugural flight to New York City's LaGuardia Airport. The fare will increase in stages to $32 by July 5.

In contrast to the cheeky upstarts are the befuddled giant U.S. trunk lines. In 1980, the air pockets of recession, rising fuel costs and always heavy union wage obligations produced operating losses that hit most of the big carriers. Pan Amer-

ican hemorrhaged $129.6 million. American $112.7 million. Braniff $120.7 million. United $67.9 million, and TWA $35.6 million.

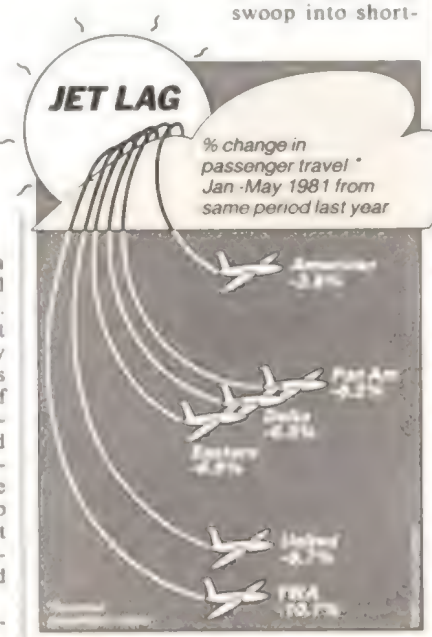
The majors are hoping for a turnaround in 1981. To cut costs, United is flying its planes higher and slower, thus saving on fuel. To reduce consumption even more, aircraft seats have been made lighter, and so have the screens for in-flight movies.

Some big lines are showing improvement. American's first quarter was its best in 14 years, as the airline scrapped unprofitable routes and laid off employees. Net income for Delta, which already flies many profitable routes and does consistently better than its competitors, gained 28% over its 1980 levels, but its operating profit dropped off. On balance, the major lines lost $72.6 million on domestic operations during the quarter, raising doubts about industry projections of $600 million to $700 million in overall 1981 earnings. Airline stocks have shown some buoyancy lately, though, mainly because of easing oil prices.

The big gainers from deregulation have turned out to be the 200 or so small and somewhat larger regional carriers. Passenger travel for trunk carriers last month was a mere 1.2% above that in May 1980 and, for six of the group's largest, has slumped sharply since the beginning of the year. By contrast, May over May revenue miles for the smaller carriers jumped a startling 28.1%. As operations have expanded and traffic has soared, profits have exploded. For half a dozen of the top smaller carriers, earnings during the first three months of the year have nearly quadrupled, to $30.2 million, as compared with the same period of 1980.

More and more seasoned airline executives are moving into the wide-open field by going out and starting their own airlines. Last week Dan Colussy, who resigned as president of troubled Pan Am seven months ago, took the first steps toward launching his own Columbia Air, which will fly DC-9 twin-jets out of Baltimore-Washington Airport and serve the mid-Atlantic region.

Deregulation has allowed already established lines that were once confined to intrastate and point-to-point commuter runs to spread out across entire regions. With generally small, fuel-efficient planes and in some cases nonunion flight and ground crews, the new high-flyers have been able to swoop into short-haul markets where the majors cannot profitably operate their bigger planes.



On the other hand, trunk carriers, with their jumbo jets and service and support systems in distant cities, are still ideally suited to long-haul routes. Says an industry expert, Robert Joedicke of the Wall Street investment banking firm Lehman Bros. Kuhn Loeb: "Each airline has to determine its own strengths. You cannot be all things to all people."

At the same time that smaller carriers are expanding their point-to-point runs, many regional lines have begun augmenting their so-called hub-and-spoke operations, self-contained little networks, with longer-haul service. Larger carriers, meanwhile, are developing new hub-and-spoke systems too. Such operations allow the lines to increase revenues by gathering passengers through the spokes, then flying them longer distances.

Southwest Airlines, one of the oldest of the new breed of carrier, was founded in 1971 as a strictly intrastate Texas operator. Now the line serves New Orleans, Tulsa and Albuquerque as well. Air Florida started out as an intrastate carrier, and has gone international. From its base in Miami, the line now serves Washington, New York, London, Amsterdam and Brussels.

Air Florida can offer bargain prices on many flights because it provides almost none of the amenities that are offered by the established trunk carriers. No hot meals are served on domestic runs, and there is no more room per passenger than is absolutely necessary.

On the other hand, when it sees an advantage in doing so, Air Florida will happily offer quite extravagant extras to promote itself on competitive routes. On the line's Miami-to-London run, gourmet foods and vintage wines become part of

Ticket Bargains

This summer's sky wars have created some astonishing anomalies in airfares. On most airlines, flying between Los Angeles and Phoenix costs $43 each way. But Pan American, which just started service between the two cities, will throw in a return trip for a penny. A typical coach ticket between Chicago and Seattle goes for $329. But Republic, which is trying to boost traffic, has lowered the cost to $189 on flights that make a 90-minute stop in Minneapolis.

Finding such deals can be difficult. Fares change so quickly that the *Official Airline Guide*, once the bible of the industry, has become useless for looking up rates. "It's embarrassing," says New York Travel Agent Helen Pomeroy. "Sometimes our business travelers tell us about new fares before we hear about them ourselves."

A bit of preflight research can pay off handsomely. One Los Angeles businessman had expected to pay about $1,500 to buy round-trip tickets to Detroit for his wife and two children. Then he spotted a newspaper ad for Delta's new Los Angeles–to-Toledo service that offers $49 one-way tickets for family members, when one adult pays full fare. By going to Toledo, 60 miles from Detroit, and renting a car to finish the trip, the family saved about $600.

Even "bargain-basement" prices can be bettered. On its New York–to-Miami run, TWA ordinarily promotes its $328 round-trip super-saver fares as a good buy, even though such tickets must be bought two weeks in advance and are offered only on a space-available basis. But because of heavy competition, the line has been offering one-way coach tickets, with no strings attached, for only $119, a $90 round-trip saving over its own super-saver fare.

Savvy travelers are picking up on the savings that can be made by taking advantage of routing peculiarities. A Delta ticket from Boston to Atlanta costs $197. But from Boston to Augusta, Ga., the fare is only $185, even though Augusta passengers must change planes in Atlanta. Travel agents suggest that at least some customers are now buying a ticket to Augusta and walking out of the airport in Atlanta with their carry-on luggage in hand, thus saving $12.

Few of the best discount fares are likely to last long. Most are promotional schemes to draw attention to routes or put pressure on competitors. But one promotion follows another. Says Chief Economist Daniel Kaplan of the Civil Aeronautics Board: "If you see a market where you say, 'My God, that fare is awfully high,' you can be sure that someone else has noticed and is trying to figure out if he can undercut it." While it lasts, the airline price war should continue to give passengers a bargain a minute.

what the carrier terms its upper-class service. Upon arriving at Gatwick Airport, 25 miles outside London, the plane's disembarking upper-class passengers are whisked free of charge into town in a convoy of chauffeured Rolls-Royces provided by the airline.

While smaller lines have benefited by deregulation, the freedom to compete has simply aggravated the difficulties that more than a few of the majors were having even before deregulation came along. Some of the big carriers simply cannot raise the money they need to stay competitive in an economy of sky-high interest rates and proliferating price wars. "We are just staying economically viable," says an Eastern Air Lines spokesman. "We can't go the bare-bones, no-frills route because we'd lose passengers to Delta."

Braniff Airways' problems are even worse. After deregulation, the carrier expanded wildly under since ousted Chairman Harding Lawrence, overreached itself and suffered badly when the economy softened. At one point, Braniff was leasing airplanes for its new routes, fueling them with kerosene bought on the super-expensive spot market, and taking off with half-empty planes.

The saddest story of all is Pan American's. Once the undisputed world leader of commercial aviation, Pan Am filled the skies with its elegant Clipper ships and, later, Boeing 747 jets. Yet in April, when Juan T. Trippe, one of the last of U.S. aviation's founding patriarchs, died at 81, the airline he established and built was barely scraping by, subsisting in part on $294.4 million from the sale of its Manhattan office building.

One of Pan Am's biggest problems has been the cash drain brought on by its takeover, in 1979, of National Airlines, after years of futile efforts to secure domestic feeder routes for its largely overseas business. Meanwhile, deregulation had opened wide the whole U.S. domestic market to Pan Am anyway. Subsequent labor problems have slowed the melding of National's work force into Pan Am's employment structure, and executive bickering has further sapped energies and driven up costs.

Though it may sometimes seem so to executives at the major trunk airlines, the nation's biggest and most venerable air carriers are not about to succumb any time soon to the buzzing attacks of competitors. But three years of quickening deregulation have exposed the whole industry to a range and intensity of competitive pressures never before known to most airmen. To remain aloft over the long term, even well-entrenched airlines will have to work harder, think more quickly and move faster than ever. If not, the race for markets, and profits, will continue to be won by lean, trim and eager new adversaries. —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Robert Geline/New York*

An epidemic of wanderlust: would-be vacationers waiting for help in a New York tourist office

A Boom in Foreign Travel

Vacationers cash in on the dollar's new clout

Many U.S. airlines may be hurting domestically, but on international flights business is beginning to bloom —and boom. Americans are clamoring for tickets to most of their favorite old haunts, especially those in Europe and the Caribbean, along with some new ones as well.

Until a month ago, it seemed as though the summer of 1981 would prove a foreign travel dud. But suddenly the airlines and travel agencies are being flooded with inquiries. In recent weeks, the number of passports issued by the State Department has jumped nearly 14% over the number issued during the same period last year. "There was a very slow start this year, but business has been picking up speed," says Jonathan Linen, head of American Express's travel division. "Now people are flocking to the gates to get out."

International departure terminals at major airports last week were bustling with travelers, including many backpacking students reminiscent of the 1960s. One sure indication that the blue-jeans set was off again: British Airways reported that it is selling stand-by tickets from New York City to London at the rate of 300 a week, nearly double the 160 a week it was selling at this time last year.

Wealthier people are also packing up. "Doctors, lawyers, the well-paid professionals are going everywhere," says Miami Beach Travel Agent Paul Besser. "We're writing more first-class and deluxe trips than ever before."

Behind much of the wanderlust is the strong recovery of the U.S. dollar against most other currencies. So far this year, the U.S. currency has risen 20% against the once proud West German mark, 23% against the battered French franc and 20% against the British pound. Smiled San Francisco Surgeon Roy Carson, boarding a plane to visit relatives in Sweden: "We watched the dollar go down, and now we're watching it come back up again."

Americans traveling abroad this year exhibit a sense of confidence, and not just because of the dollar's new strength. An improving economy and the Reagan Administration's promised tax cuts have helped to foster optimism. "It's only a gut feeling," declared Etta Brackman, who is vacationing in Greece, "but since the hostages came back from Iran I think we have recovered our pride as a nation."

This year's most popular European spots are Scandinavia, West Germany, Austria and France, all countries that were virtually ruled out in recent years by the dollar's weak purchasing power. In addition to the dollar's new might, visitors are also benefiting from a 1981 slowdown in inflation in several European countries. By contrast, high inflation has eroded the allure of last year's tourist meccas, Portugal and Spain, where consumer prices continue to climb steeply.

The most popular destination for Americans jetting abroad remains London, but only because airfares from the U.S. still make it the best jumping-off point for a European tour. Otherwise, most Americans are steering clear of the British capital.

Many London hotels are booked only half-full for next month, a disappointment to the government, which had expected a crush of tourists for the royal wedding on July 29. By hyping the wedding as the tourist draw of a lifetime, Britons may unintentionally have scared off many would-be visitors who wound up worrying about

Newlyweds visiting London's Tower

A clamor for tickets to favorite old haunts.

overcrowded pubs and scarce hotel rooms. "The American tourist is intelligent," says British Travel Consultant Verite George. "Why should he come here for a big event and pay double for a hotel room when he can watch it all on TV and come over in September?"

American travelers are snubbing Italy, and with good reason. Twice last week air traffic controllers staged strikes, freezing activity at all the airports for two days. Other strikes by airline, railroad and public transportation employees have sputtered on and off for months, adding to the frustrations of foreign visitors.

Among the more exotic vacation spots favored by Americans this year: Egypt and other parts of Africa. Many better-heeled travelers are jetting off to Europe for a week or so, then making a lengthy side trip to see the pyramids or join a safari. New York's Pisa Bros. travel agency says that demand is higher than ever for tours going to the People's Republic of China.

The dollar's 25% rise against the drachma has boosted tourism in Greece 22%, claims the Greek National Tourist Organization. Many travel agents and hotel owners doubt the official figures, arguing that not only are there fewer tourists but they spend less. Nevertheless, hotels in Athens and on Rhodes, Crete and Corfu, the country's most popular attractions, will all be full this summer.

Many U.S. travel agents think that the real boom in foreign travel will not come until late summer or fall. Right now, says one New York agent, people are deciding to go abroad on the spur of the moment. Some travelers may have been reluctant to plan trips in advance for fear that the dollar would not hold up well. But several airlines, including TWA and Air France, expect a rush of travelers later this year, after the summer tourists return home and start boasting about the bargains they found. ■

Free Enterprise Space Shot

A brash entrepreneur tries to break NASA's monopoly

In Ian Fleming's novel *Moonraker*, Multimillionaire Hugo Drax built himself a huge rocket to annihilate the city of London. He was foiled in his sinister strategems by James Bond, Agent 007. Now a businessman space buff named Gary Hudson is trying some rather far-out capitalism of his own, with a plan to start putting satellites into orbit from a private launching pad in Texas by 1983. So far, not even the U.S. Government is trying to stop him.

A less likely space entrepreneur than Hudson, 30, is hard to imagine. A college dropout and self-taught engineer, he met David Hannah Jr., a wealthy Houston real estate developer, in 1979 after making a movie on space exploration. Hudson convinced Hannah that he could build a low-cost rocket using off-the-shelf hardware, and send satellites into orbit for bargain-basement prices.

The cost of such an undertaking would presumably reach into the hundreds of millions of dollars. But Hannah and Hudson have trimmed expenses to the bone and are projecting start-up costs no higher than $20 million to $30 million. So far, the firm has spent $1.2 million gearing up, with most of the money coming from Hannah and a group of wealthy Texas backers, who have each contributed at least $100,000 to the venture. Additional financing will obviously depend on whether the space entrepreneurs can convince customers that they can deliver the goods.

There are certainly enough companies in need of such a service. Firms such as RCA, Western Union, Comsat and Satellite Business Systems have already launched 37 private communications satellites aboard rockets provided by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Yet the shortage of satellites remains acute.

Until now, NASA has had a virtual monopoly on space shots for private industry. But the space agency charges approximately $28 million to put satellites into the geosynchronous, or stationary, orbit used for telecommunications signals. Moreover, NASA rockets are just about booked solid for the next five years. The first 68 flights of the space shuttle, which is also designed to launch satellites, have been reserved as well.

Hudson plans to undercut NASA and open up the market by charging a maximum of $5 million to launch a low-orbit satellite that could be used to search for oil, gas or mineral deposits. For stationary communications orbits 22,300 miles up, Space Services Inc. will charge an estimated $15 million.

The first of the company's Percheron rockets, named after a French draft horse, is being built in a Sunnyvale, Calif., plant by 17 engineers, some of them former employees of NASA. This week the device will be loaded aboard a flatbed truck and hauled to a launch pad at Matagorda Island, about 50 miles northeast of Corpus Christi, Texas, a site that NASA once considered for launches. After testing the prototype, the company hopes to conduct its first orbital flight next year.

To save money, Hudson's designers have cut out many of the back-up systems that NASA rockets use. Space agency officials worry about the resulting risks. Hannah points out, however, that his company carries $25 million in flight-liability insurance to cover any mishap. If a runaway Percheron came down in, say, the Houston Astrodome, $25 million might not even begin to cover the costs. ■

Built inexpensively with off-the-shelf parts, the Percheron is loaded on a special carrier

A brash $20 million attempt to boost satellites into orbit from a private launching pad.

President-elect Teruo Tojo with miniature models of the vehicles produced by his company

At the Controls of Mitsubishi

A high-flying boss with a familiar name

After Japan's surrender in World War II, Mitsubishi Heavy Industries of Tokyo moved from the production of warplanes to the manufacture of motor vehicles. At the same time, an ambitious young Mitsubishi engineer named Teruo Tojo was shifting over from work on the firm's famed Zero fighter plane to the design of buses and trucks for peacetime. As things turned out, the switch from planes to cars proved a smart one for all concerned. Mitsubishi Motors Corp., now a subsidiary of MHI, has become Japan's fourth largest automaker (fiscal 1980 sales: $5.2 billion), and next week Tojo, 66, will become the firm's president and chief executive officer.

Though the appointment has evoked little if any comment in either Japan or the U.S., the selection of Tojo is an ironic one. Mitsubishi's new boss is the son of Hideki Tojo, the Japanese wartime Prime Minister who directed the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor and was later tried and executed by an Allied war crimes tribunal in 1948.

As president of Mitsubishi Motors, Tojo now faces a problem that his father's generation would certainly never have dreamed of: how to boost the sale of cars and trucks in what has become, to Japan, the all-important U.S. market. Mitsubishi's difficulties are compounded by voluntary trade restrictions. For the forthcoming year, Japan has agreed to limit its auto exports to the U.S. to 1.7 million vehicles.

Mitsubishi made one of Japan's first commercially manufactured cars, called the Model A, back in 1917. Since then, it has fallen behind domestic competitors like Toyota and Nissan, the company that makes Datsuns. The company's struggle to crack the U.S. market dates back to 1971, when Mitsubishi agreed to let Chrysler Corp. become its sole U.S. distributor. "Ten years ago, we were but a babe and Chrysler a big man," recalls Tojo. "Now Chrysler is a big burden for us." As Chrysler's financial problems have worsened, its dealer base has shriveled, and Mitsubishi has steadily lost ground to tough Japanese competitors like Honda and Toyo Kogyo. Last year, Mitsubishi's cars, which include the sporty Challenger and the economical Colt subcompact, accounted for only 6.9% of all Japanese exports to the U.S.

Around Mitsubishi headquarters, the arrangement with Chrysler became known as "a serious faux pas." Earlier this year, the company finally succeeded in pressuring Chrysler into relaxing its marketing hold by offering the ailing automaker import-financing help of up to $150 million a year. Beginning in the fall of 1982, Mitsubishi will be able to set up and operate its own U.S. dealer network, as well as sell cars and trucks through Chrysler outlets. Even so, it may not be until 1983, and the end of voluntary import restrictions, that Mitsubishi can push its export drive into high gear.

Meanwhile, Tojo is confident that his company will prosper. Widely regarded for its engineering expertise, Mitsubishi offers 30 different types of vehicles, ranging from buses to Jeeps. In 1975, it introduced a kind of car motor that reduced fuel consumption by as much as 20%. The company also offers a sound-reduction system with its engines that cuts car noises and vibration by 8%. Such innovations bolster the firm's reputation for engineering. Says Tojo: "We have in our company enough technology to cope with whatever Detroit might come up with in the future." ■

Eau de B.O.

The ultimate cologne

Human sweat will certainly attract mosquitoes, but will it also lure members of the opposite sex? That hardly seems to be a gripping question for a perfume company. But Jovan Inc. of Chicago (1980 sales: $120 million) currently is thinking about little else. In 1972 the company scored a hit with Musk Oil, a fragrance for which it claimed almost mystical powers of "animal arousal." Now Jovan is spending up to $6 million on provocative TV ads to promote Andron, a fragrance that it contends is "capable of triggering an intense magnetic reaction" in men and women alike. The perfume's magic love potion? Alpha androstenol, a synthetic compound that is chemically the same as a substance found in human perspiration.

Though whiffs of passing joggers hardly arouse uncontrollable passions in most people, Jovan officials insist that alpha androstenol actually is a pheromone, which is a biochemical that has the power of sexual excitement. At best, the evidence is skimpy. A study conducted at San Francisco State University and published last year showed that sweaty odors can change the menstrual cycles of women. But any closer link between such substances and human sexuality is still uncertain.

In fact, the real message of Andron is one that fragrance manufacturers know all too well: what sells is sex. Jovan is hoping that Andron can match Musk Oil's $85 million in annual revenues. But convincing the public of the new potion's amorous properties may not be easy. Andron smells like neither a locker room nor an aphrodisiac, but like what it really is—a rather ordinary cologne that costs $7 to $8 an ounce. ■

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TOYOTA STARLET. THE HIGHEST GAS MILEAGE IN AMERICA.

54 EPA ESTIMATED HIGHWAY MPG

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The prizes in a twelve-year legal battle: Dürer's 1499 portraits of Hans and Felicitas Tucher

Art

Furor over Two Long-Lost Dürers

The American who bought them is out $450—or is it $10 million?

The young ex-serviceman at the door of Edward Eliçofon's Brooklyn home had a knapsack full of paintings for sale. They had been bought at a flea market in Germany, the young man said. Eliçofon, a lawyer and passionate collector, was intrigued. He did not know, on that afternoon in 1946, that what the man offered was a collector's dream—and ultimately, a $10 million disappointment.

Eliçofon paid the ex-serviceman —whose name he says he has long since forgotten—$450 for two 11-in. by 9½-in. oil-on-wood portraits, one of a man, the other of a woman. He had no idea who painted them but thought "they were very beautiful." For 20 years they nestled in his jumbled collection of pictures, books, antiques and *objets d'art*. Then in 1966 an art historian friend recognized the paintings in a book on artwork that had been lost or destroyed in Germany during World War II. Soon the finding was authenticated by the Metropolitan Museum of Art: the paintings were 1499 portraits of a Nuremberg couple, Hans and Felicitas Tucher, by the German master Albrecht Dürer. They had disappeared in 1945 from safekeeping at Schwarzburg Castle near Weimar during the American occupation. By 1969 Eliçofon was embroiled in a fierce custody battle for the Dürers that was to involve several claimants and stretch over a dozen years.

Federal District Judge Jacob Mishler of Brooklyn ruled this month that Eliçofon, now 77, must return the paintings, whose value is now estimated at up to $5 million apiece, to the Art Collection of Weimar, a museum in East Germany. In his 87-page decision, Mishler wrote that the museum "has demonstrated that the Dürers were stolen and that it is entitled as owner to possession." Of the 7,900 paintings listed as "destroyed and vanished" between 1939 and 1945 in East and West Germany, the Dürers are the only notable works that have been found

Eliçofon calls the verdict "wrong and unfair." Instead of granting a motion for summary judgment, he argues, Judge Mishler should have submitted the case to a jury to decide whether the Weimar museum had really proved its contention that the Dürers were stolen. He also maintains that he bought the paintings in good faith and that no one could prove that the seller had not somehow acquired valid title to them in Germany. Therefore, he contends, the German law of "good faith acquisition" should protect his ownership. Says he: "We'll go all the way to the Supreme Court for vindication."

Edward Eliçofon

For a while, the Dürers will remain in a Manhattan bank vault, where they have been locked away from the skirmishes of the past 15 years. If Eliçofon, a Latvian-born Jew who grew up in a New York tenement, wins his appeal, he plans to sell the Dürers and donate some of the proceeds to Jewish charities. Says he: "It would be a minute reparation for the wrongs done to the Jews by the Germans." ■

Milestones

DIED. John Dinkeloo, 63, architect and engineer who, with associates Kevin Roche and the late Eero Saarinen, designed such celebrated works as the CBS Building in New York City, Dulles International Airport outside Washington, D.C., and the Gateway Arch in St. Louis; of a heart attack; in Fredericksburg, Va.

DIED. Pamela Hansford Johnson, 69, British novelist, critic and playwright and the wife of Scientist-Novelist C.P. Snow for 30 years until his death in 1980; in London. A full-time writer from the age of 22, Johnson turned out 27 novels, the last, *A Bonfire*, to be published in the U.S. next month. Though her books did not sell as well as those written by Snow, her second husband, critics praised them for satirical wit and deft malice

DIED. George Katona, 79, Hungarian-born economist who, as director of the economic behavior program in the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center, instituted the first large-scale studies of consumer attitudes and spending patterns; in West Berlin

DIED. John Knight, 86, tough, acerbic newspaperman who, as the founder and longtime editor of the Knight-Ridder group, led its expansion into one of the largest newspaper chains in the country; of a heart attack; in Akron. A former sportswriter and managing editor at the Akron *Beacon Journal*, Knight inherited the paper from his father in 1933 and used it as a base to build a thriving publishing empire that today includes four television stations and 34 daily newspapers with a combined weekly circulation of 25 million (among them: the Detroit *Free Press*, the Miami *Herald*, the Charlotte *Observer*). Until his retirement in 1976, he batted out a weekly column for his papers, "The Editor's Notebook," in which he took blunt, conservative stands on fiscal policy and Big Government but staunchly opposed U.S. involvement in Viet Nam. The column won him a Pulitzer Prize in 1968. Knight, who prized journalistic excellence and encouraged editorial policymakers on all his papers to go their own ways, once said: "There is no known substitute on the market for integrity and character, and no synthetic has ever been discovered for guts."

DIED. Zerna Sharp, 91, former first-grade teacher in La Porte, Ind., who created the concept for the Dick and Jane textbooks that for more than four decades helped teach American schoolchildren to read ("See me run. See Spot run. Oh, oh! This is fun."); in Frankfort, Ind. Sharp's simple, repetitive prose telling of an archetypal middle-class family with its dog, Spot, and cat, Puff, came under fire from feminists in the early 1970s for stereotyping Jane as subordinate to Dick. "It never bothered the children," replied Sharp "That's all an adult's viewpoint."

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Crested Butte's fighting Mayor Mitchell takes a defensive position in a field outside his beloved town

STEVE NORTHUP

Battle over the Red Lady

A Colorado Shangri-la in a classic struggle against development

A town is saved not more by the righteous men in it than by the woods and swamps that surround it.
—Henry David Thoreau

It has no nearby swamps, and especially since the ski runs and condos began going up, the forests can hardly be called primeval. But Crested Butte, Colo. (pop. 1,200), has no shortage of righteous men, or women. Largely young and well educated, many of them exiles from the crowded East, they are determined to preserve their town's picture-book alpine charm. Tucked away in a sparsely settled 8,885-ft.-high valley, 25 miles south of Aspen as the eagle flies (but 217 miles by paved mountain roads), Crested Butte is an exurbanite's spiritual El Dorado: a 19th century mining town lovingly restored down to the last curlicues on its old gingerbread houses. It sits amid meadows, streams and mountains that seem to have been made for everything from hiking to hang gliding, from hooking a robust trout to shooting the rapids on a raft or glimpsing a rare bighorn sheep.

But this Rockies retreat has another resource, and its presence has touched off a classic preservation-*vs.*-progress scrap. The issue: should the interests of a small group, righteous as its cause may be, prevail over other interests that may affect the well-being of far more people, even that of the whole country? The resource is molybdenum (moly, as friend and foe both call it), a strategic metal used not only to strengthen steel but to make fertilizer, rubber, lubricants, plastics and paints. Just three miles from Crested Butte's Main Street, deep inside 12,414-ft. Mount Emmons, lies buried what may be one of the richest molybdenum deposits in the world, worth some $4 billion.

Mount Emmons, known locally as the Red Lady because of its blushing rouge color, is partly within a public preserve managed by the Forest Service. In 1977, under U.S. mining laws dating back to the gold and silver booms of the late 19th century, AMAX (formerly American Metal Climax Inc.), the world's largest molybdenum producer, began staking claims to the deposits, as well as buying some of the privately held land outright. Things have not been the same in Crested Butte since. AMAX went to unusual lengths to calm local fears, even hiring psychologists to study the social effects of the influx of an estimated 1,500 workers and their families into the area. Even so, Crested Butte decided it had to stop the earthmovers.

The leader of the opposition is Crested Butte's paraplegic mayor, an émigré from Aspen who likes to style himself as simply W (no period) Mitchell. (He was born William John Schiff III in Philadelphia, but adopted his stepfather's name.) For the past four years, the wheelchair-bound Mitchell, 38, who was badly burned in a motorcycle accident ten years ago and paralyzed in a plane crash four years later, has tirelessly attacked AMAX and questioned its assurances that the mine will do no harm. Noting that up to 20,000 tons of ore will be removed every day for 20 or 30 years, Mitchell forecasts an onslaught of people, noise, grit and crime. Says he: "There are messes all over the West in the name of growth. Big mining companies have no divine right to mine and tear up a community. They'd rape us and leave us bleeding."

Fight headquarters: city hall on Elk Street

STEVE NORTHUP

Last week Mitchell lost a key skirmish when a state judge prohibited the town from enforcing a local ordinance that could have stopped AMAX from doing exploratory drilling on the ground that it would endanger the water supply. Mitchell vows to fight on. Others acknowledge that Crested Butte has already changed. One factor: the development near by of a controversial ski resort by former Secretary of the Army Howard ("Bo") Callaway. Land values have spiraled; lots start at $40,000. Ramshackle old houses go for $90,000 or more. Says Mike Taylor, owner of a steel-fabricating shop: "We've built a Shangri-la for the rich."

Some residents, including ex-New Yorker Gil Hersch, editor of the weekly Crested Butte *Chronicle*, are coming around to the belief that the mine is inevitable, and that perhaps the best strategy would be to negotiate as many concessions from AMAX as possible. Says he: "It could be a state-of-the-art operation." With AMAX determined to press ahead, that may be the best that Mayor Mitchell can hope for. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Richard Woodbury/Crested Butte*

Perpetual Motion Machine

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY *Directed by John Glen*
Screenplay by Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson

This is the age of the machine-made movie. Hollywood, once called the dream factory, is now in the recycling business. George Lucas compresses old movie serials into *Star Wars* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Brian De Palma and a dozen other directors pay homage to (read: steal shamelessly from) the films of Alfred Hitchcock. Albert R. Broccoli is the same but different: Since *Dr. No*, the producer's first James Bond movie, in 1962, he has remade his own picture eleven times. To evaluate *For Your Eyes Only* and the other Bond movies, it helps to think of them not as, say, different vintages of a fine Bordeaux but as successive models off the Pontiac assembly line. In one vehicle there may be an annoying ping in the engine of narrative; in another the dialogue may be as sleek as Genuine Corinthian Leather. But all meet the same standards of speed, styling and emotion control. If there is no Rolls-Royce in the Bond series, there is also no Pinto.

Once again Bond matches wits with nasty men and lips with shady ladies. Once again his work takes him to a bunch of tony vacation spots (the Dolomites, Corfu, Spain, Albania, Moscow in winter). Once again the fate of the world is threatened by—what is it this time?—a nuclear-sub tracking system that has fallen into enemy hands, and can be saved by one lone agent working for an empire over which the sun set long ago.

This is all standard equipment, but the technicians responsible for the Bond films' felicities—car chases, aerobatics, all the sophisticated paraphernalia of Saturday-matinee thrills—have devised some splendid optional features for *For Your Eyes Only*. There is a funny-brutal pentathlon of alpine sports: cross-country skiing with hired assassins; a two-man ski jump with the competitors gouging each other in mid-air; downhill racing at gunpoint; a bobsled run on skis; ice hockey using players as pucks. Director Glen has kept the plot moving briskly, and, in several action sequences, clipped a frame or two from within a shot to increase the impact. With prominent display of Bond's Lotus Esprit Turbo, a Neptune two-man submarine and a "Jim" diving suit, *For Your Eyes Only* is an accumulation of gadgets and brand names—a Radio Shack of a boy wizard's dreams.

Roger Moore as 007 aims his Walther PPK

At the end one must remind oneself that human beings—actors, actually—are also involved in the enterprise. Carole Bouquet (23, long dark hair, Aegean-blue eyes, lissome frame) is the love interest, and more: a warrior goddess who saves Bond's life at least as often as he saves hers, and a welcome addition to this summer's gallery of can-do heroines. Topol, as the wily Greek smuggler Columbo, should be in the "Guinness Book of Word Wreckers"; he is perhaps the first performer to demonstrate the art of overacting by chewing pistachio nuts.

Then there is Roger Moore, haberdasher's delight and director's despair. Moore's mannequin good looks and waxed-fruit insouciance have brought him far in movies: this is his fifth Bond picture. He can crinkle up a smile, speak Received Standard English, negotiate a hairpin turn or a femme fatale's proposition—all the things real people do. But beneath his suave double-entendres and amplified body blows, one can hear the sound of expensive gears meshing—for Moore is merely the best-oiled cog in this perpetual motion machine. —*By Richard Corliss*

Moore and Heroine Carole Bouquet hold the fate of the world in their hands

An accumulation of gadgets and brand names—a Radio Shack of a boy wizard's dreams.

Card Tricks

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD–PART I
Directed and Written by Mel Brooks

If history, as they say, is a pack of tricks the living play on the dead, then Mel Brooks, who should be good at this game, is playing with a very thin deck. In his recreation of four epochs (prehistory, the Roman Empire, the Spanish Inquisition and the French Revolution), he uses only two cards: cruelty and scatology. They are not aces. They are not even jokers.

It may be that Brooks requires something specific—like an old movie genre—on which to focus his talent. His attempt to make an extravagant musical number out of the Inquisition, a reprise of his famous *Springtime for Hitler* number in *The Producers*, is one of the worst calculated comic turns in movie history. We have no distance—not in our time—from the spectacle of people being subjected to pain for their beliefs.

Overwhelmed by his task, unable to find suitable employment for such worthy comedians as Madeline Kahn and Harvey Korman, he reverts to that childishness of poo-poo caca jokes. Bad taste has always been Brooks' strong suit, and one has honored him in the past for his astonishing assaults on gentility. This time, however, the result is a truly terrible movie. —*By Richard Schickel*

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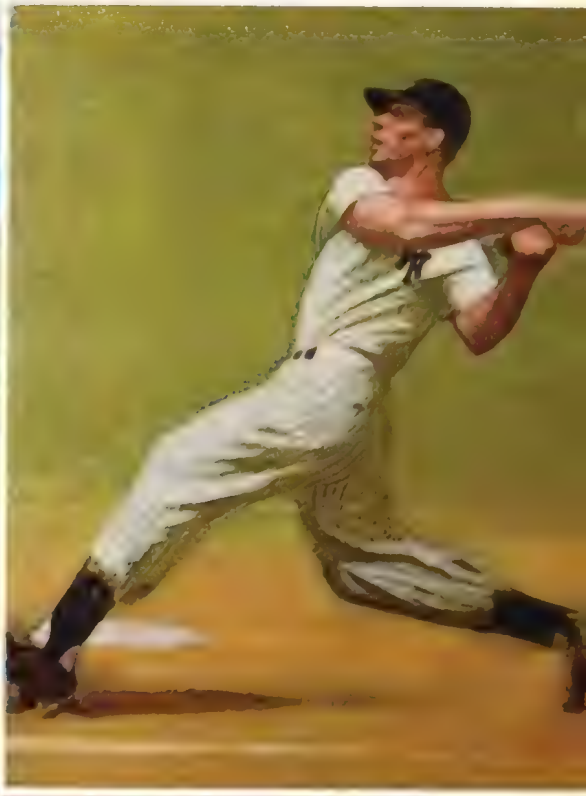

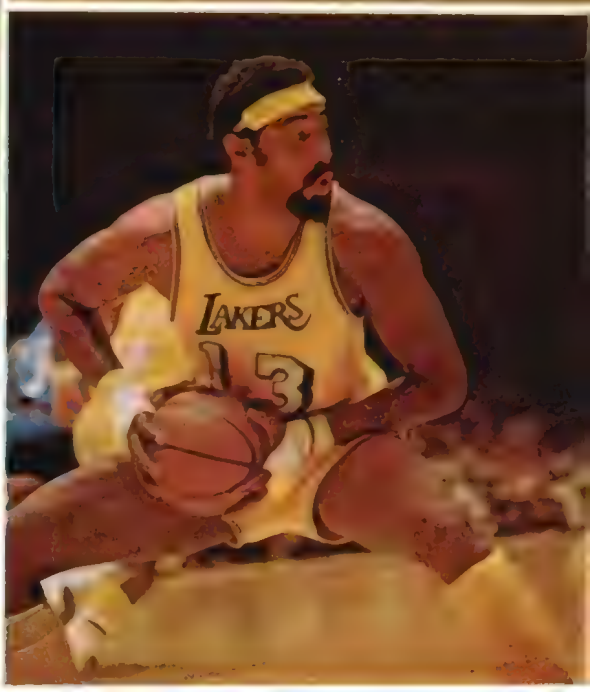

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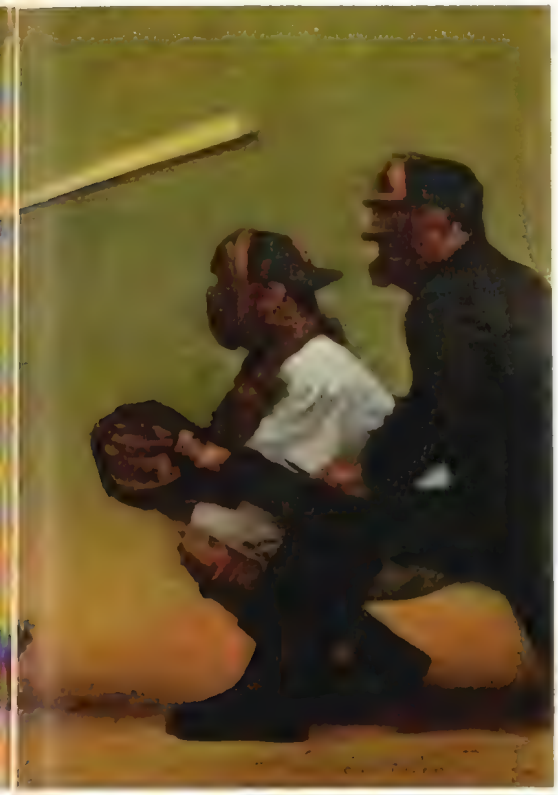

We look at them and we feel like cheering. They are some of our great ones, the heroes and heroines who delighted us and inspired us—and still do. Now we can meet them all, and 94 other greats, in their lively portraits and marvelous memorabilia at the National Portrait Gallery's dramatic exhibition, "Champions of American Sport."

They practiced man's most ancient art, a ballet of battle on the fields of sport against opponents, against time, against the limitations of sinew and bone. It is an art of the instant, the perishable split-second of maximum effort. But because the great ones, spurred on by our cheers, could summon in that instant the strength and grace for the extra ounce, the extra inch, those moments will live as long as our memories, and these portraits endure.

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"Champions of American Sport" organized by The National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC. It will appear there June 23 to September 7, 1981 and subsequently travel to Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, IL, October 15 to November 29, 1981, California Museum of Science & Industry, Los Angeles, CA, January 15 to February 28, 1982, and American Museum of Natural History, New York, NY, April 2 to June 27, 1982. The exhibition is sponsored by Philip Morris Incorporated and Miller Brewing Company.

top left: Giles Litho Company; JAMES J. CORBETT DEFENDING HIS TITLE AGAINST CHARLIE MITCHELL, 1893 Chicago Historical Society; top center: Photograph of JIM RYUN by RICH CLARKSON, 1966; top right: Harvey Dinnerstein; THE WIDE SWING, 1975, Capricorn Galleries, Bethesda, Maryland; bottom left: Photograph of PEGGY FLEMING by John G. Zimmerman, 1968; bottom center: Photograph of WILT CHAMBERLAIN by WALTER IOOSS, JR., 1972; bottom right: Miguel Covarrubias; HELEN WILLS, c. 1927, Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin. © Philip Morris Inc. 1981

James Alfred Wight on his home turf: Sutton Bank top in Yorkshire

The Marcus Welby of the Barnyard

THE LORD GOD MADE THEM ALL
by James Herriot; St. Martin's Press; 373 pages; $13.95

He is the most celebrated resident of Yorkshire since Lassie, and for many of the same reasons. A friend to farmers and their livestock, as benign as the summer climate, he has made loyalty and kindness the crowning virtues.

Yet outside his own turf, James Alfred Wight passes unnoticed among the readers who have made him famous. Only under his pseudonym is he recognized as the Marcus Welby of the barnyard and the author of four bestsellers about an amiable animal doctor named James Herriot. The fourth, *The Lord God Made Them All*, revisits the peaceable kingdom of rural England, celebrates simple pleasures and, as before, pours time back and forth like sand in a kitchen hourglass.

■ ■ ■

Nearly 100 visitors jam the cobblestone street in the little village of Thirsk, attempting to glimpse their hero. Most are Americans, but there are also French, Italians, even Japanese—after all, the volumes have been translated into twelve languages. The crowd expects his office to be bucolic and full of ewes and kine. Instead, it is a white-walled infirmary redolent of disinfectant, with nothing to distinguish it but a red door. They hope that Herriot will resemble Simon Ward, the actor who impersonated him in the TV adaptation of *All Creatures Great and Small*. But they see a ruddy, pleasant, 64-year-old grandfather, caparisoned in jacket and tie even when stepping through the mire of cattle pens. His voice bears no taint of the Yorkshire dialect permeating his books. When someone asks him a question, Herriot replies "Aye" in the accent that betrays his Glasgow origins.

■ ■ ■

All four Herriot books are bolts cut from the same Scottish tweed, carefully interweaving the local patois (Owt a gurt cow wi' nawbut a stone in t'kidney) and technical jargon ("You can get hypertrophy of the rumenal walls and inhibition of cellulose-digesting bacteria with a low pH"). Each volume has become increasingly formulaic. But it is Herriot's original formula, an unfailing blend of exotica—for *The Lord God Made Them All*, a recollection of trips to Russia and Turkey—and accounts of extraordinary happenings to ordinary people and creatures. Volume IV of the tetralogy offers a series of bright anecdotes about two brothers who let themselves get talked into buying insurance and then manage to have a series of profitable accidents. As always, a poignant theme is introduced: the tale of a doomed, appealing mongrel born too soon for miracle drugs.

The book's best chapter could stand alone in any anthology of humor. Back in the '40s, the untried Herriot attempts to test a bull for fertility. His instrument: a vulcanized rubber tube filled with warm water. The bull, eying a potential mate near by, is in no mood for experiments and furiously charges the young vet: "I met him with a back-handed slash. The elastic came off and the water fountained in the bull's eyes . . . I have often wondered since that day if I am the only veterinary surgeon to have used an artificial vagina as a defensive weapon."

■ ■ ■

"Easy, old girl," says Herriot as he cleans out a cow's afterbirth. He removes the arm-length plastic gloves. "Wonderful things, these. In the old days I was up to my arms in blood and dirt. And no time to write more than a prescription. No antibiotics then, and the farmers very witchcrafty. Full of folk remedies and possessed of hands too big for their animals." He regards his own small fingers. "That's why they came to me: I could operate on a sheep or goat without mangling the poor thing. Then it was large beasts. Today it's also dogs, cats, parakeets. And hamsters. I don't like to treat them; they bite." After one decade of practice, Herriot had compiled enough material to fill a book. After 30 years, he had enough for a library. But he never attempted a memoir until his wife informed him that people over 50 simply didn't become writers. "That was all I needed. The children were grown: Jim was a vet in my office, and Rosie was a doctor a few miles away. My evenings were my own, and I had no

Excerpt

"I dropped the little dog onto the grass and fell down on my knees by her side in an attitude of prayer. I waited and watched as my heart hammered, but those ribs were not moving and the eyes stared sightlessly ahead.

Oh, this just couldn't happen! I seized Venus by a hind leg in either hand and began to whirl her round and round my head. Sometimes higher, sometimes lower, but attaining a remarkable speed as I put all my strength into the swing . . . At last, the chest wall gave a heave and the eyes blinked.

Jimmy was disappointed. 'Aren't you going to do any more, Daddy?'

'No, son, no.' I sat up and dragged Venus onto my lap. 'It's all over now.'

'Do you always do that to make them breathe?'

'No, thank heaven, not often.' I got slowly to my feet and carried the little animal back to the consulting room."

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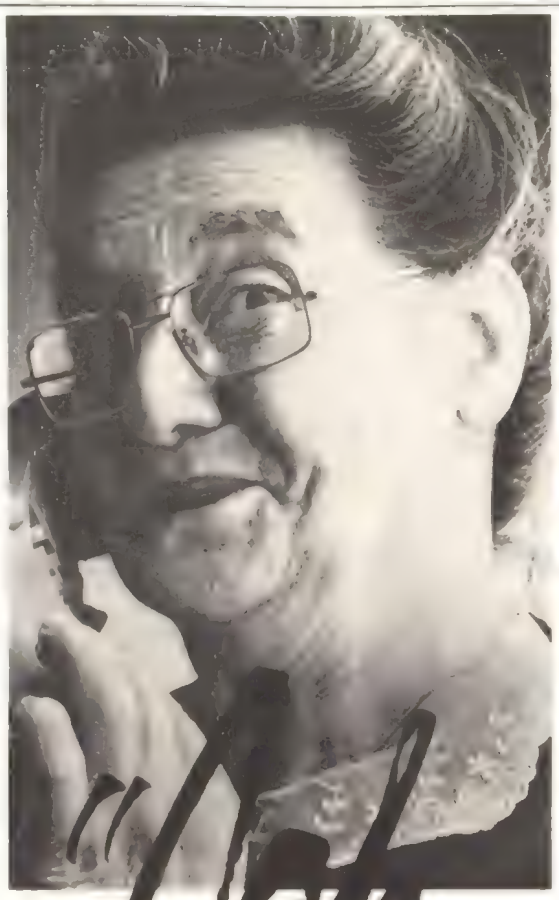

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Books

excuse for putting it off. I sat before the TV set and began typing my stories." His nom de plume came from a televised soccer player; his ideas from old notebooks. The first version was not promising. "What I turned out was like the essays of Macaulay. Awful. A simple style takes a lot of work."

■ ■ ■

If Only They Could Talk and *It Shouldn't Happen to a Vet* were modest hits in England. Thomas McCormack, president of St. Martin's Press, thought they could be something more across the pond. He combined the books and added three chapters, ending with the marriage of the young vet and the farmer's daughter. The new title came from an Anglican hymn: *All Creatures Great and Small* The rest is history, geography and mathematics. The book hit bestseller lists be-

James Herriot

The Yorkshire cow is a moveable beast

fore the reviews were in. Herriot went on to prove that despite his obscure locale and inarticulate subjects, the right storyteller could make a Yorkshire cow a moveable beast. Today some 2½ million copies of his works are in print, making their author the most unlikely literary superstar since Joy Adamson wrote about a lion who was born free.

■ ■ ■

At the close of *The Lord God Made Them All*, Herriot recalls a colleague's old prediction: "I tell you this, James. There are great days ahead!" But the days have not been cloudless. Recognition has brought gawkers, who have altered his little home town (even the local stationer offers soft-center candies FROM THE TOWN OF THE VET). Fans have sometimes tracked him to the unpretentious fieldstone home he shares with his wife of 40 years. Joan Wight—Helen in the books—is a handsome, white-haired woman who does not suffer tourists lightly: "Alf is too kind. I send them packing." And there have been lampoons of the now fa-

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Books

miliar Herriot style. Monty Python kidded the title verse: "All things gross and gangrenous,/ All creatures gross and squat." Nature Writer Edward Hoagland parodied the books in the New York *Times:* " 'It's time t'awd bitch was up,' I said. I put my arm up her lug end to untwist her uterus ... 'If tha'll just wipe off the fly that's on my snout, Colonel,' I said 'I'll kill nowt gurt nor small! They's gentle things!' he roared, and took a bite of his stirk sandwich."

But these are merry critiques, the tribute that humor pays to celebrity. Far more disturbing to the veteran veterinarian is an English tax structure that puts him in the 83% tax bracket. "They keep telling me to retire," he says. "Go to the Isle of Wight or some such. But this is the only job I've ever had. And this is the only place I ever loved. I came here 44 years ago and smelled the summer. I never wanted anything else." Today his idea of luxury is a sun lamp, and "out of town" means the city of York, some 30 miles away.

"We traveled when we were poor," recalls Herriot. "France, Spain, all that. Once, to promote a book, I went to the U.S. It was the urbanized there who got the biggest kick out of my work. I remember this man in Beverly Hills who had a party for us. He had a swimming pool up in the hills and he kept saying to me, 'I've missed out on life.' I've stayed put, but thank God, I haven't missed out."

—By Stefan Kanfer

Spiritual Gin

BESTSELLERS
by John Sutherland
Routledge & Kegan Paul; 268 pages, $18.95

George Eliot dismissed the popular novels of her day as "spiritual gin." She may have been right. Since 1895, when U.S. fiction was first listed by "demand," bestsellers have turned many into bookaholics. Of the 2,000 new novels per year in the multibillion-dollar American and British markets, a large number are deliberately and cynically aimed at the top of the charts. Only about 40 will achieve the distinction "bestselling" (at least 100,000 hard cover, 1 million paperback). But those 40 can speak volumes about their readers. The process is a phenomenon worthy of examination by serious psychologists—and by lively analysts like John Sutherland. In *Bestsellers*, Sutherland, of University College, London, offers an entertaining and sometimes disquieting look at the hit novels of the 1970s. As he sees it, a good read is often the sign of a disturbed society.

From the 1969 publication of Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*, the '70s top seller with more than 13 million copies, to 1979's *The Exorcist* (12 million) by Wil-

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Books

liam Peter Blatty, the decade's No. 2 novel. Sutherland dissects the psychosocial meaning behind the sales figures. He finds a seething mass of anxieties, guilts and aggressions. In Peter Benchley's *Jaws* (9.5 million), the movement is away from the wonder of nature and toward a delight in the Darwinian struggle to the death. It allows contemporary man to relieve his environmental guilt and to focus primitive blood-lust fantasies on a very dumb animal.

As in other bestsellers of "disaster" —earthquakes, towering infernos, nuclear meltdowns and floods—*Jaws* also comforts. Ordinary people, like the reader, can rise above events as the patina of civilization vanishes. The "old ways" are re-

John Sutherland

Seething anxieties, guilts and aggressions

affirmed, and morality becomes as uncomplicated as gaffing a shark, dousing a blaze or landing a crippled airliner.

Such "frighteners" as *The Omen* (5 million) and *The Exorcist* appeal to parents because within their lurid covers demonic children can be walloped without Freudian complications. Unless bestsellers satisfy such persistent craving, says Sutherland, they can have no staying power. The epics of women's liberation, following successes like *Fear of Flying* and *The Women's Room*, arrived when the placards had moved on and the shouting had diminished. Hence their quick disappearance from the lists.

Sutherland sees the Harold Robbins *romans à clef—The Carpetbaggers, The Pirate*—as a tribute "the tourist class pays the jet set," endowing the moneyed elite with supernatural sexual and political powers. In the day of interlocking superpowers and computerized strategies, "Nazi resurgent" novels—*The Eagle Has Landed, Marathon Man*—provide a strangely tranquilizing effect: history, readers believe, cannot be as unexceptional as the scholars say. "They" don't dare tell us the truth: a single act of mur-

der, a new weapon, a perfectly timed hijacking are all that it takes to alter the world's course. Thus the Nazi bureaucrat becomes the Wagnerian fiend surviving into the '80s, far less banal and somehow less important than the truth.

Unlike *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *The Jungle*, bestsellers that affected their times, the fiction chartbusters of the '70s seem tame indeed. Their mission, and their success, lies in anesthetizing the audience until it has only enough energy to do one thing: turn the page. Sutherland notes that the top ten novels of the '70s sold twice as many copies as the top ten of the 1960s. In this thirsty epoch, more readers than ever seem to need their psychic spirits. —*By J.D. Reed*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Dad, *William Wharton*
July's People, *Nadine Gordimer*
The Meeting at Telgte, *Günter Grass*
Riddley Walker, *Russell Hoban*
The Testament, *Elie Wiesel* • The White Hotel, *D.M. Thomas*
Zuckerman Unbound, *Philip Roth*

NONFICTION: Edith Sitwell, *Victoria Glendinning* • Ernest Hemingway, Selected Letters, 1917-1961, *edited by Carlos Baker* • A Life in Our Times, *John Kenneth Galbraith* • Lost in America, *Isaac Bashevis Singer*
Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, *Jacobo Timerman* • Twelve Years, *Joel Agee*
Within the Whirlwind, *Eugenia Ginzburg*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Noble House, *Clavell (1 last week)*
2. Gorky Park, *Smith (2)*
3. God Emperor of Dune, *Herbert (3)*
4. The Glitter Dome, *Wambaugh (10)*
5. Goodbye, Janette, *Robbins (4)*
6. Free Fall in Crimson, *MacDonald (5)*
7. Masquerade, *Williams (7)*
8. The Covenant, *Michener (6)*
9. License Renewed, *Gardner*
10. Tar Baby, *Morrison (9)*

NONFICTION

1. The Lord God Made Them All, *Herriot (1)*
2. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons (3)*
3. The Beverly Hills Diet, *Mazel (2)*
4. The Eagle's Gift, *Castaneda (5)*
5. Miss Piggy's Guide to Life, *Piggy with Beard (7)*
6. Cosmos, *Sagan (6)*
7. Survive and Win in the Inflationary Eighties, *Ruff (9)*
8. Nice Girls Do, *Kassorla (8)*
9. You Can Negotiate Anything, *Cohen (10)*
10. The Pritikin Permanent Weight-Loss Manual, *Pritikin*

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Betsy González, fashion designer, with her brother and partner, Ausbert González

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Sanitizing the Small Screen

Procter & Gamble joins the networks' sex-and-violence critics

In the television world $1 million is not much money. But $486.3 million —that's money, a figure that commands respect from coast to coast, or more precisely, from the Burbank studios to Manhattan's Network Row. It also happens to be the amount that Procter & Gamble spent on TV advertising last year. So when P & G Chairman Owen Butler spoke out last week about what the nation's No. 1 TV advertiser thought of television, he found an interested if hardly enthusiastic audience among broadcasters. His message: P & G is listening to the critics from the New Right who complain about sex and violence on prime time, and the networks should be doing the same.

Butler was referring mainly to the Coalition for Better Television, which brings together the Rev. Donald Wildmon's National Federation for Decency and other right-wing groups like the Moral Majority. Formed last February, the coalition is headquartered in Tupelo, Miss., where Wildmon lives, and claims support from 5 million families in all 50 states.

For three months almost 4,000 coalition volunteers watched prime time and dutifully marked down examples of sex, violence and profanity. Their findings went into a computer, and next week Wildmon will disclose which shows the volunteers —and the computers—found most objectionable. Some hints are in his newsletter, which he has suitably titled *NFD Informer*. On the basis of last fall's programs, Revlon was declared the "least constructive" sponsor, followed by Dow Chemical, Noxell, Gulf+Western and the Beecham Group. Some of the "least constructive" shows have already been canceled because of low ratings, but among those returning are *Taxi, Three's Company, Laverne & Shirley* and *The Dukes of Hazzard*. Wildmon will do more than name offending shows, however. Some of the companies that pay for the most advertising on them will be singled out on a kind of hit list, and consumers will be urged to boycott their products for the next year.

The campaign has given both the networks and their advertisers a severe case of the jitters, and Butler's comments caused still another run to the Valium. Though he disagreed with Wildmon's methods, said Butler, he endorsed his aims: "I think the coalition is expressing some very important and broadly held views about gratuitous sex, violence and profanity. I can assure you that we are listening very carefully to what they say, and I urge you to do the same." Actually the chairman was merely reaffirming a policy that goes back to the days of radio. A $10.8 billion-a-year producer of soap and food, P & G has always been a conservative sponsor, acutely sensitive to viewer complaints.

The timing of Butler's comments delighted Wildmon. "I think it was a very good statement from a socially responsible organization," he said. Bland and self-effacing, Wildmon, 43, took up his crusade when he could not find what he thought were good programs for his own family. "Everything on the air has a message," he explains. "TV represents behavior modification, or monkey-see, monkey-do. A child sees it and it leaves an impression. But consideration, decency, honesty, fidelity, hard work—those values aren't there. If I disagree with the values that are there, can't I stop supporting the companies that put them on? Sex and violence exist, and so do going to the bathroom and vomiting. But you don't see them on TV. Where is the TV show about a modern home with decent people?"

Such remarks cause Wildmon's opponents almost to choke with anger. "Wildmon is like Hitler with his hit list," says Lee Rich, president of Lorimar, the company that produces such likely targets as *Dallas, Flamingo Road* and *Knots Landing*. "No one should tell the American public what to watch or what to do. Who is Wildmon to say he is the judge? When does it stop?" Joel Segal, a senior vice president of Manhattan's Ted Bates ad agency, was aroused enough to fault giant P & G for giving "credence and support to a bunch of radicals in Mississippi. They're putting their imprimatur on the work of people trying to impose their views on the rest of us." Ironically, even P & G might be criticized for putting sex on the air, since its high moral standards seem to go into effect only after sundown, during the prime-time hours. P & G owns and sponsors no fewer than six afternoon soap operas, which are far sexier than the evening shows.

The truth of the matter is that both the networks and the advertisers have their own little hit list, and it is prepared for them by Nielsen, which measures the size of the audience. Advertisers are not likely to stop buying commercials on *Dallas*, lusty as it is, so long as it remains on top. When it begins to falter in the ratings, sponsors may discover scruples and look for another series. Wildmon's coalition will probably have no influence at all on the top shows, but it may be able to claim credit for killing those series that were already ailing.

Indeed, the coalition may be able to announce a victory that was already won. The "jiggle shows," which it finds among the most offensive, seem to be on the way out anyway, and the new season will emphasize action and adventure. Angry as they are, network executives probably heard Wildmon's message even before he broadcast it. "There is a general drawing back of viewer tastes from the cutting edge of the last three years," says ABC Vice President Alfred Schneider. "We are hearing that there has been a general 'too farness' in the sexuality presented on television." —*By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Martha Smilgis/Los Angeles*

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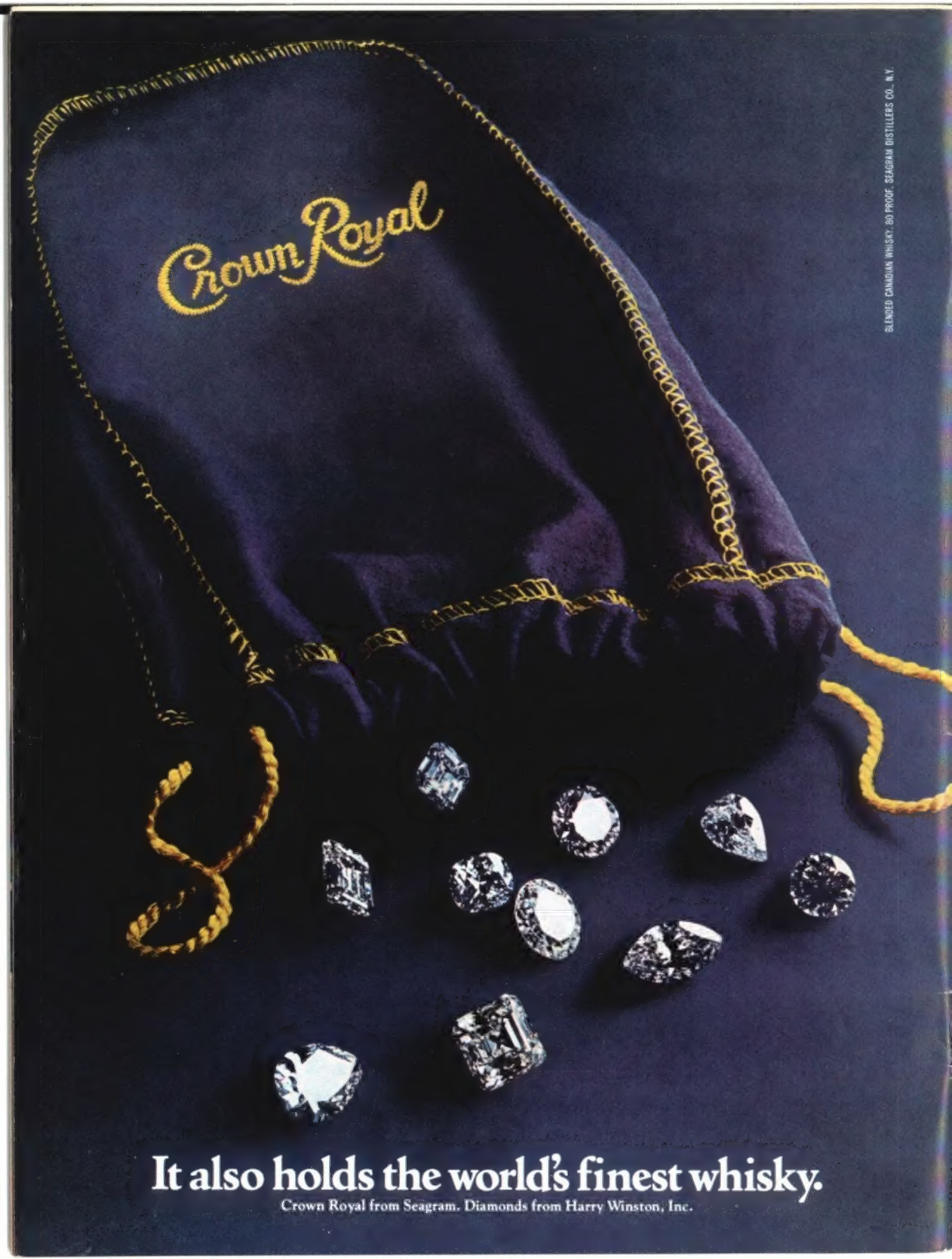
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